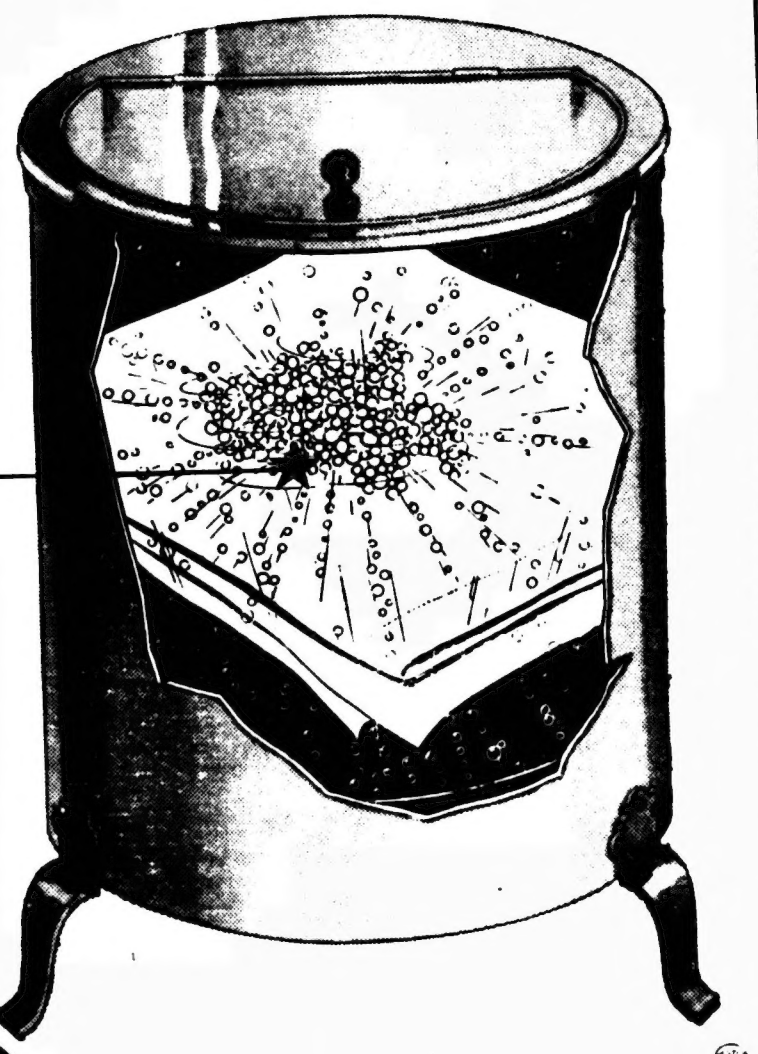
JOHN BULL, JUNE 26, 1937

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LXI.
1619.

MEN WHO MAKE CRIMINALS: *by* Swaffer (SEE PAGE SEVENTEEN)

JOHN BULL

The moment Persil soapsuds meet dirt or stains **they go for every speck with LIVING OXYGEN!**



THAT CLEANSING ACTION GOES ON UNTIL EVERY TRACE OF DIRT HAS GONE!

The minute Persil soapsuds touch dirt—it's like a miracle! Instantly they are seething round, soaking into it. In next to no time they've chased every speck of dirt away, leaving just clean pure fabric—fresh as the day you bought it. The reason is, Persil's soapsuds contain live oxygen. As soon as they come in contact with dirt that cleansing oxygen streams forth—active oxygen with which no trace of dirt can live! That's the secret of Persil's extraordinary cleansing powers. That's why Persil gets everything so radiantly white—as no ordinary washing can possibly do.

Persil THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

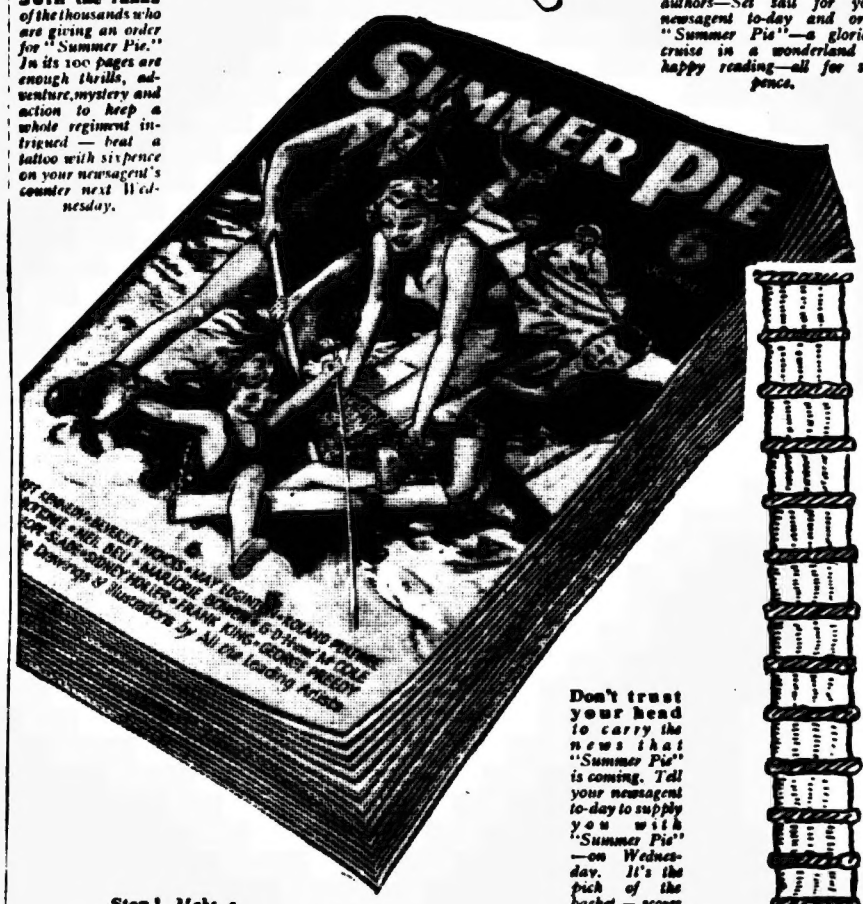
PER 480-365-66

OUT NEXT WEDNESDAY

Join the ranks *of the thousands who are giving an order for "Summer Pie." In its 100 pages are enough thrills, adventure, mystery and action to keep a whole regiment intrigued — beat a tattoo with sixpence on your newsagent's counter next Wednesday.*

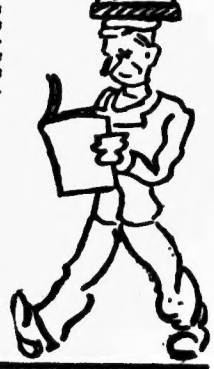
A good tip—*Don't wait till next Wednesday for "Summer Pie." It will sell out at express speed. Ask your newsagent to reserve a copy for you and make sure of a first-class trip through 100 wonderful pages.*

"All the nice girls"—*will want to read the thrilling stories in "Summer Pie" by Christine Jope-Slade, Marjorie Bowen and the other famous authors—Set sail for your newsagent to-day and order "Summer Pie"—a glorious cruise in a wonderland of happy reading—all for sixpence.*



Don't trust your head *to carry the news that "Summer Pie" is coming. Tell your newsagent to-day to supply you with "Summer Pie"—on Wednesday. It's the pich of the basket — scores of choice stories and joke drawings by the leading writers and humorists.*

Stop! *Make a point of having six coppers ready by next Wednesday to secure "Summer Pie"—you'll find it irresistible.*



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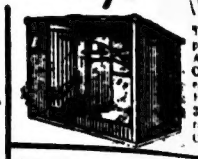

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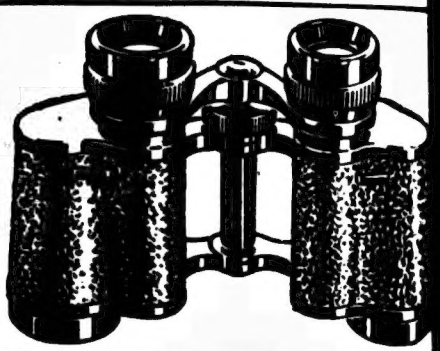

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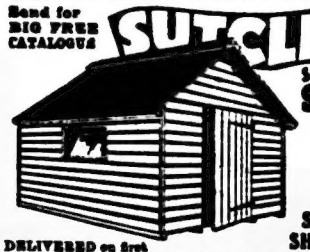

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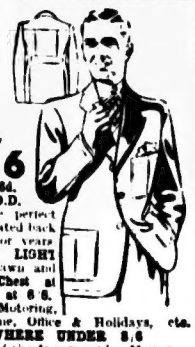

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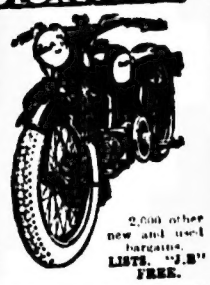

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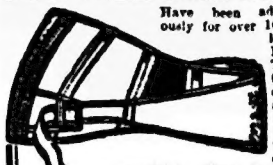

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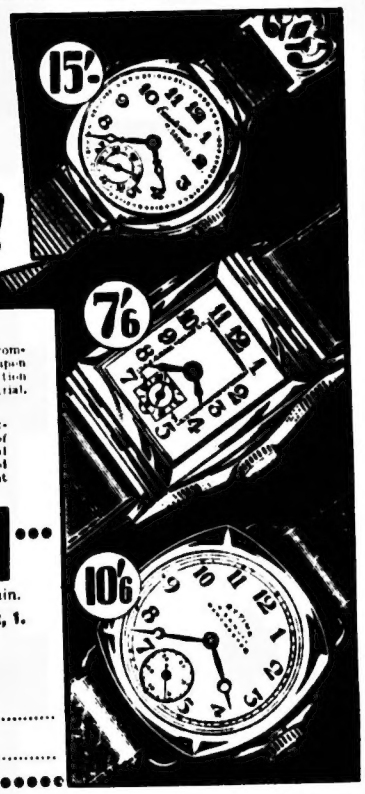

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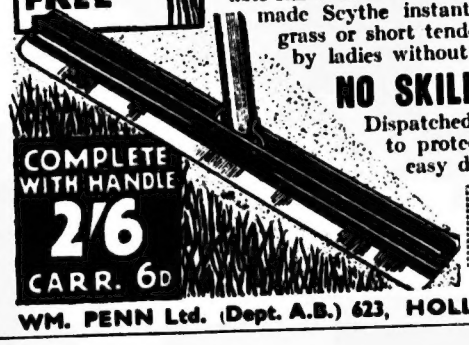

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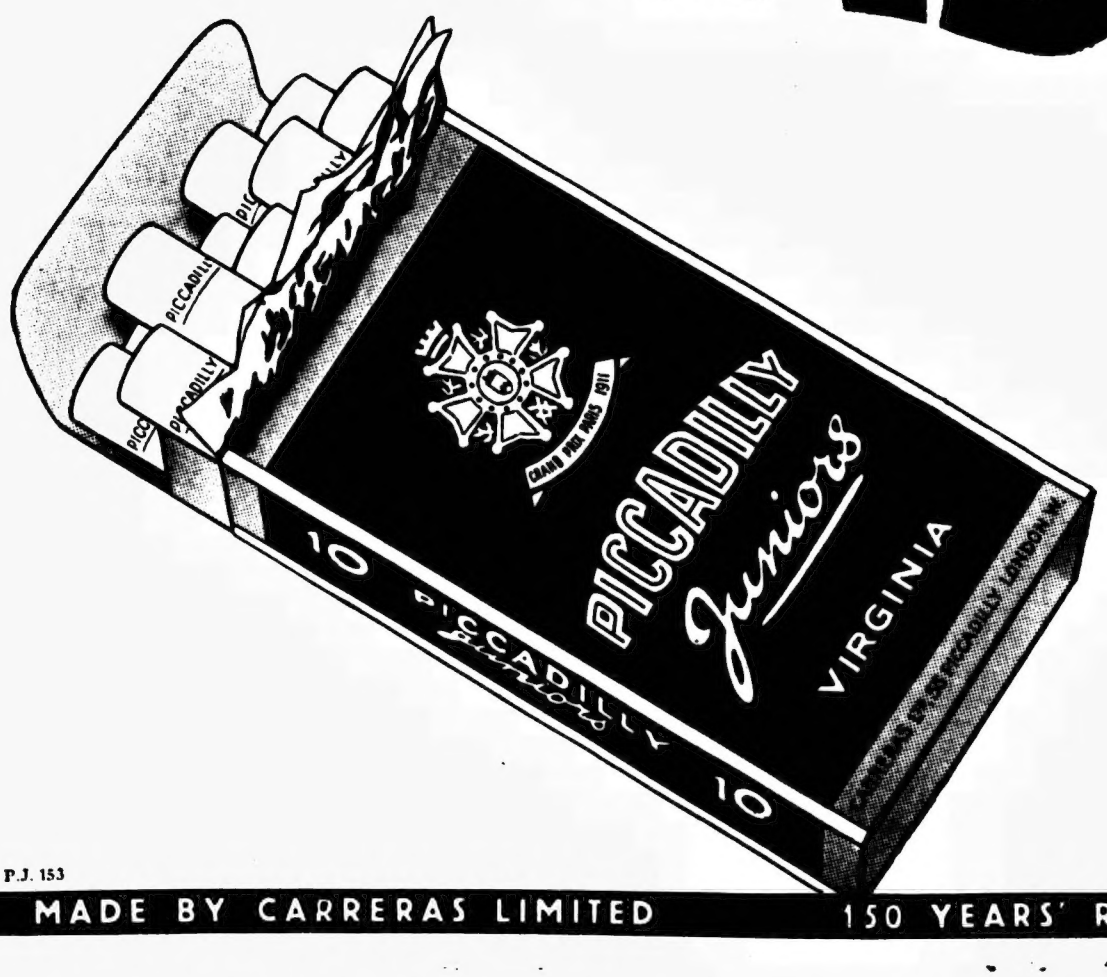

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

The Haunted Parade

MORE than 80,000 men and women who served in the Great War are parading before their Majesties the King and Queen in Hyde Park on Sunday next.

This Royal Review has been organised by the War Department, with the co-operation of various ex-Service organisations, as a tribute to the veterans in Coronation year.

But we think it should be something more than that. It should be another Remembrance Day—a forceful lesson to the world of the futility of warfare. It should represent 80,000 living pleas for peace!

Some may think it unnecessary to remind any sane person of the terrible cost of the Great War; yet how many people pause to-day to spare a thought for those who fought at Ypres, at Paschendaele, at Zeebrugge, or on the blood-drenched beach of Gallipoli?

Why should there be only one official day of remembrance in the year?

There will surely be many in that vast parade who will be haunted by grim memories of the war years, but it is the general public that needs awakening in this respect.

When the mighty army of 80,000 survivors assembles in Hyde Park it will outnumber almost the combined forces mustered by both Wellington and Napoleon at Waterloo.

Yet for every bemedalled veteran there, more than twelve others from Great Britain, her Dominions and Colonies gave their lives, while another twenty were gravely wounded!

It will be a great sentimental gathering, and we would be the last to deny these 80,000 their day of reunion. But we say that it will be a thousand pities if the moral lesson is lost to the public.

In an enclosure on one flank of the parade will be gathered disabled men from Roehampton Hospital and the Star and Garter Home, Richmond, Surrey. By their side will be a detachment of sightless men from St. Dunstan's, led by Captain Sir Ian Fraser, the blind ex-M.P.

Just one of the 80,000 living pleas for peace

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Among them will be victims of the very first gas attack, victims of shell-shock and shattering machine-gun fire.

There will be grey-haired shadows of men who went forth as eager youngsters to pilot war 'planes, and returned never to walk again unaided, never again to see a green field.

There will be widows in Hyde Park this Sunday whose menfolk met the fate of thousands who served in ships that went to the ocean bed, mined or torpedoed.

Many people, including some of our politicians, need reminding of these things. We would remind them, too, of the 6,000 sailors, soldiers and airmen incarcerated in asylums to-day as a result of their experiences in war.

We would remind them that there is a ward filled with men so disfigured that they will never be seen in public again.

Eighty thousand on parade—but in the background, scattered throughout the land, 121,000 war widows in receipt of meagre pensions; 1,419,000 orphans, left fatherless at the close of the "War to end war."

One of the flags on parade will be that carried in the van of the G.W.R. Old Contemptibles Association, from Cardiff. It was designed by "Jimmy" Pavey, who rose to commissioned rank during the war, but who suffered through many long years thereafter with shrapnel in his lungs.

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He has not lived to see his flag carried on parade; death ended his sufferings a few short weeks ago.

The thousands who see that fluttering emblem will know nothing of the years of agony and torture it betokens.

Pavey was just one of thousands of shattered men. John Bull readers know how many of those thousands have been rewarded for their heroism and sacrifice by callous neglect.

We have told many grim stories of heroes left to beg or starve, or to wander from workhouse to casual ward.

We have championed the cause of countless stricken men whom the authorities spurned, and, in common with many ex-Service associations, have fought their peace-time battles, securing pensions that would otherwise have been denied them.

Some of the cases we have thus encountered reveal unbelievable callousness and injustice.

Again and again we have found maimed and stricken men being cheated of their rights. And but for our intervention these cases would have been denied justice. It is one of the tragedies of war's aftermath that broken heroes often have to fight desperately even to secure the pensions that are their due.

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It is as well that all these points should be remembered; for while the veterans gather in Hyde Park armies are marching in every corner of the world; ships of war are ploughing the seven seas; battle 'planes roar through the skies, and armament factories are working at full pressure producing instruments of death.

For what purpose? To make another "War to end war"; to fill more hospitals with sick and maimed; to fill more asylums with men and women demented by ordeals too dreadful to describe; to fill more public institutions with human derelicts, or to line the streets with tortured beggars?

Yes; if we **forget** to remember!

That is why we stress the lesson that Sunday's big parade of veterans should teach—a lesson that can so easily be lost when bands are playing and flags are fluttering bravely in the breeze!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

No Hope *for* Our Child Slaves

Let's Have the Dental Panel Scheme

Searchlight on the Tea Ramp

A Dean's Divorce Shock

CHILD labour in factories is to go on. Children of fourteen will continue to be slaves of the machines.

That is certain. The Government, despite a barrage of criticism from opponents and supporters alike, obstinately refuses reform on this vital issue.

The Factories Bill now before Parliament is once again proved to be a half-baked measure which, despite its immense length, will do nothing to end some of the gravest evils in our industrial life.

Overtime

Worst of all are the scandals concerning the employment of young persons which the present Bill callously ignores.

It is a fact that other countries are fixing working hours for adults that are actually lower than those permitted to young people in civilised, humane Britain.

It is a fact that young people here are subjected to an unreasonable amount of overtime—all in the interests of cheap labour—which does incalculable harm to both their mental and physical welfare.

Dangers to the Young

It is a fact that the accident rate among young factory workers is disproportionately high. But Mr. Rhys Davies' amendment to bar them from factories till they had passed the age of fifteen has been definitely rejected.

There was a hope that it might be accepted when it became obvious that the more progressive Tory M.P.s were whole-heartedly in favour of its wise reform.

Conservative M.P. after Conservative M.P. rose to plead for its adoption, to stress the dangers to children of fourteen who are employed on fast and heavy machines.

Blunt Refusal

But the Government refused to yield. And, as usual, it was the Government back benchers who climbed down, who obediently fell into line and voted against their convictions.

British industry will therefore continue to lag behind the world's best standards. British rulers will continue to be branded as opponents of reform.

And the British public, we hope, will remember the shortcomings of the Factories Bill long after it has been passed into law, and will remember it when the Government seeks a fresh lease of life at the polls.

Miners Want More

Look out for a new national wage demand from the miners in a few weeks' time.

When they asked for a 2s. a day rise, more than a year ago, they were given increases ranging from 5d. to 1s. and told they could ask for more when the results of the first year's operations of the coal-marketing scheme were known.

Those results will be out in a few weeks. They will show that the mine-owners are getting an extra 4s. and 5s. a ton.

And the miners will ask for their share.

Middlemen's Plunder

Meanwhile, housewives are in many cases paying 8s. a ton more than before the schemes began. Another two shillings increase has just been imposed.

In the interests of the miners, the mineowners and the consumers, the Government ought to stop this extra imposition by the middlemen.

The increased pithead price was put on to help the mines—not for the long string of people between the mine and the consumer.

Tea Scandal

The Food Council has started to make enquiries into the tea ramp.

Better late than never.

Speculators have been rigging the market in the lower-grade teas for three years, have forced up the price from 6d. to 1s. 3d. a pound.

They are being helped by the restriction of production scheme.

Higher Prices Coming

Housewives have had two increases to meet in their tea bills since the beginning of this year, and more are likely.

The retail tea merchants can't help it. They themselves are having to pay more.

If the Food Council's enquiry is going to succeed it will have to go much farther back than the grocer's counter.

Who Needs them Most?

There seems more anxiety in the Foreign Office over Italy's ban on missionaries to Abyssinia than there was over the brutal invasion of that country.

Anyway, how about sending some missionaries to Italy? She appears to need them more than Abyssinia.

P.C.—N.G.

Ernest Arthur Turner is a police constable in Sheffield. He shouldn't be.

When in plain clothes he lashed out with his fists at three young boys who were standing in a shop doorway. One, a boy of fifteen, had to receive medical treatment.

Turner has been fined £3 and five guineas costs. But that shouldn't be the end of his unprovoked assault.

Dean at His Worst

They used to call the Very Rev. W. R. Inge "The Gloomy Dean." If he hadn't retired from St. Paul's he might be called "The Intolerant Dean" now.

Dean Inge: Shocks Us.

He argues that we should follow the French example of allowing a divorced woman to marry anyone *except* her lover. He thinks that "two adulterers" who marry should never be admitted to Holy Communion unless they vow not to have marital relations with each other.

The Dean is entitled to his views. Our view of his views can be summed up in two words: Refined cruelty.

Wish Granted

Maybe you remember our exposure of the harsh treatment meted out by the Ministry of Pensions to David Burns, whose father was killed at Jutland and whose mother died during the shelling of Hartlepool.

All that this orphan asked was a chance to get a training in a craft at Papworth Hall, the tuberculosis settlement.

Following our exposure, Mr. Willie Gallacher raised the matter in Parliament; officialdom has now intimated to him that David Burns is to have his wish fulfilled.

Dental Panel

A deputation has just asked Kingsley Wood for a panel dental service, which we have long demanded.

The Prudential Approved Society, with membership of 3,000,000, says that neglect of dental trouble is the cause of half the ill-health among industrial workers.

Specialists say it's between the ages of fourteen and eighteen that the seeds of future trouble are sown. Yet girls and boys have no means of obtaining treatment between leaving school and being insurable.

Think hard about it, Sir Kingsley!

Denial Doubted

In spite of Anthony Eden's denial we still find it hard to believe that he did not emend the speech Mr. Jordan, the New Zealand delegate, intended to make at Geneva.

This representative of a very progressive Socialist Government had a long speech prepared in which he meant to make a straight-out appeal to the League to stop German and Italian intervention in the Spanish Civil War.

Did They Dream It?

The story is that before the assembled Council, Eden left his seat and, pencil in hand, scored through the typescript until there was scarcely anything left for Mr. Jordan to say. This may be an exaggeration.

But we cannot think that all those present were asleep and just dreamed the whole incident.

That it was officially denied and the report suppressed makes one wonder if pressure were brought to bear.

Where's Nurse?

We find no reason for astonishment in the news that hospitals are experiencing a grave shortage of nurses.

Young women demand better pay, much more leisure and a freedom from pettifogging restrictions than the average hospital is willing to concede to its nursing staff.

And who can blame them?

Vision

County councils are, on the whole, the most conservative of all public bodies.

So congratulate that of Dorset for its humane effort in sending a little girl from Exeter Blind School to Mr. Tudor Thomas, the famous specialist, and paying her fees.

A case not only of trying to give vision, but of showing vision.

Cut-Price

Young Mr. Ramsay, Romford's M.P., has been inveighing against club trading in Government offices, arguing that "men receiving handsome salaries have no justification for taking part in this despicable form of trading."

Sure they haven't. But the scandal of cut-price sales of tobacco, confectionery, clothing and what not is equally despicable in commercial offices, factories and workshops.

The small shopkeeper is hit; many workers are almost compelled to buy from their place of employment, for those who run the clubs are often friends of the foreman or manager.

A rotten system whichever way you look at it.

Battle Begins

It is welcome news that some fifty Welsh councils are going to fight the official plan to control electricity distribution. Others, we hope, will join them.

For the plan, as we have pointed out, will strangle municipal undertakings without benefiting the consumer, will give more power and money to already powerful and rich private distribution companies.

The fight should be not only successful, but short.

Exit—In Excelsis!

We applaud the dignity of three unemployed men of St. Helens. They were refused admission to "the better part" of a local cinema because one of them wore clogs.

Declining to go into cheaper seats, the three men walked out.

Yes, clogs may "tear to ribbons" expensive cinema carpets. Reckon they also come in handy for giving snobs kicks in the pants.

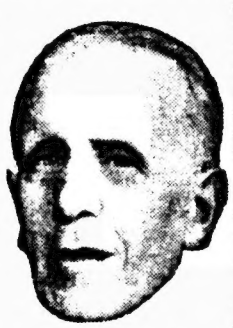
Mad System

Nothing to smile at in the advertisement for a male nurse for a county mental hospital. The qualification, apparently, is the ability to "play saxophone or trombone (dance band)." Nothing is said about nursing ability.

Is it any wonder that the control of our mental institutions has become a byword for madness?

Ex-Convict Salesman

That the agreement was obtained by fraud was the defence when Automatic Salesmen, Ltd., claimed at Tonbridge County Court for arrears of rent due on an advertising cabinet supplied to Mr. P. Spice, of Hadlow.



Judge Konstam: Speaks His Mind

Judge Konstam, dismissing the case with costs, said that to obtain agreements for putting up advertising cabinets the firm sent out a man with a long criminal record.

"The practice," he added, "of having a checker-hitter with an apparently impeccable record waiting outside, and then going in to satisfy himself that an agreement has been obtained with the full knowledge of the person entering into it, is obviously carried out to bolster up the fraud."

Dirty Tactics

Mr. Spice said an employee of the firm told him he could have an advertising cabinet for three months, and if he did not pay it would be removed. He signed the agreement, which was folded up and later found he had agreed to pay 2s. a week for three years.

Samuel Davis (alias Ginsberg, alias Wilson), the traveller (whose criminal career started as long ago as 1913 and whose last sentence was one of 18 months in 1933), admitted a long list of previous convictions, including a sentence of three years' penal servitude for larceny, and protested against the list being read, remarking, "It is dirty tactics."

How many scores of people has he defrauded by his dirty tactics?

Gift

We discern the hand of Sir Josiah Stamp in the fine gift of nine miles of unwanted railway track, running through lovely Dovedale, as a country walk for the public.

Railways are too often entirely opposed to people travelling in any way but by train.

Sir Josiah is different.

KNOCK-OUTS

Mr. W. S. Morrison: "Successful politician must have qualities of priest, scientist and policeman." *And of the conjurer.*

* * *

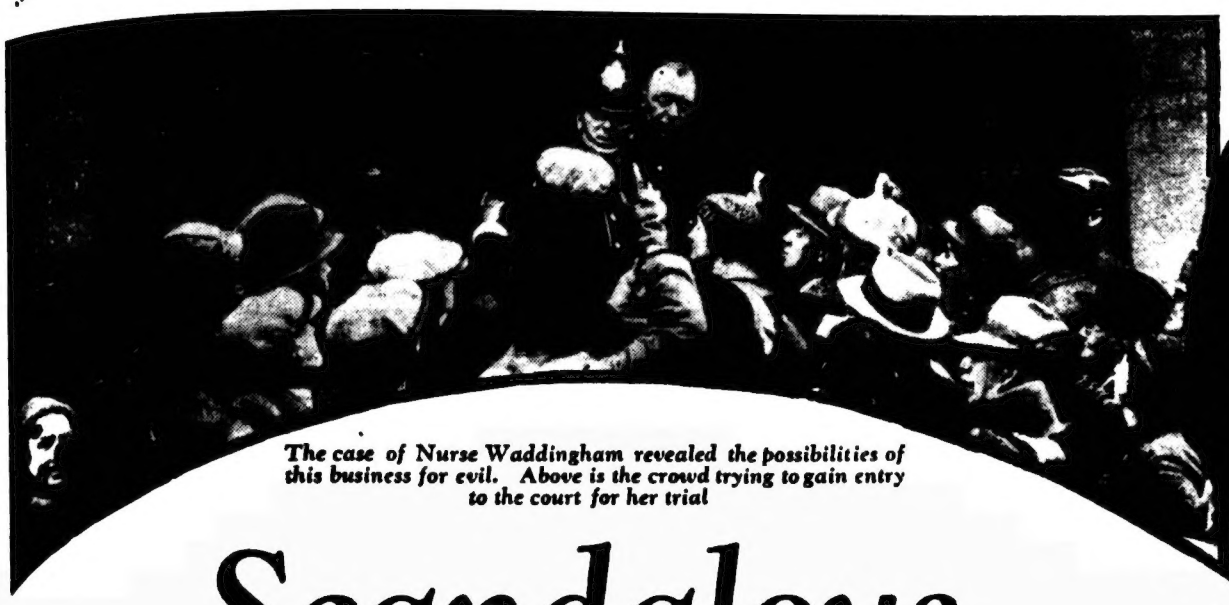
Mrs. W. A. Potts: "Child is the unit of the community, family is the unit of the State." *But the State, unfortunately, is not yet unit of the world.*

* * *

Mr. M. J. Savage: "New Zealand is a small piece of land surrounded by mortgages." *Britain is small piece of land half-submerged by deluge of taxation.*

* * *

Rev. John Wilson: "Living in age prolific in songs which live only a few weeks, we prefer songs our mothers sang." *Melody and sentiment will always beat rhythm and sentimentality.*



The case of Nurse Waddingham revealed the possibilities of this business for evil. Above is the crowd trying to gain entry to the court for her trial

Scandalous Nursing Homes

By A. G. GARDINER

IT is to be hoped that the Departmental Committee which has been set up under the chairmanship of Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., to investigate the nursing home question will result in some drastic reform in this grave social matter.

Few subjects touch the life and well-being of the public more closely. It is a rare experience for any family to escape wholly those vicissitudes of health or misfortune that make treatment in a nursing home, public or private, necessary, and it is of the highest importance that institutions charged with the issues of life and death should be above suspicion.

So far as the public or hospital service is concerned, that may be said to be the case, and there are, of course, multitudes of private nursing homes which are conducted under the most severe medical supervision and with the most irreproachable management.

The chief complaint against these reputable institutions is the extravagant terms imposed, which, to a person of modest means, offer the choice between bankruptcy, the possible sacrifice of life, or the humiliation —as it still is to many—of what is regarded as pauper relief.

In such a reform of the whole hospital problem of this country as that which I had in mind in the article I wrote in these columns recently, the nursing home would have its place.

It should be an integral part of our health system, available on equal terms to rich and poor alike and entirely free from the element of profit-making.

It is this element that lies at the root of the evils associated with the nursing home. "Broadly speaking," said the report of the Commission of 1926, "a nursing home differs from a hospital in that it is carried on for purposes of profit."

Unfortunately the Commission made no proposals for curing this radical defect. The result is that to-day the nursing home is still too often a blot on our social system and the happy hunting ground of some of the worst vampires that prey on society.

The possibilities of this business for evil were luridly illustrated last year by the dreadful case of "Nurse" Waddingham, who was executed for the murder of a patient, whom she had first plundered of her property, at Nottingham.

In that instance the crime was happily brought to light. But in how many cases are infamies of a similar kind, perhaps only just falling short of murder, perpetrated without discovery?

The trouble is that local medical officers have great difficulty in detecting these homes. Unless some scandal takes place which brings the home into public notice, it is possible, as in the Waddingham case, for it to carry on its operations indefinitely and without exposure under the very nose of the authorities.

The Minister of Health himself, Sir Kingsley Wood, has admitted the gravity of the evil, and in a recent speech at Taunton made an urgent appeal to the local authorities to increase their vigilance in its suppression.

Both the Ministry of Health and the British Medical Association are concerned at the growth of this type of establishment, and doctors have been asked to assist in the discovery of unregistered "homes."

One of the chief difficulties the authorities have to face is the fact that there are homes where illegal operations are carried out, under the pretence that legal surgical attention is being given.

Many of these places are registered under the Nursing Homes Registration Act of 1927, but however carefully the periodical inspection is carried out detection is difficult if not impossible.

In a debate in the House of Commons a few days ago, Mrs. Tate, the Conservative Member for Frome, who has shown an acute interest in questions of public health, asserted that many of these homes were the source of the spread of disease, and that they were often not used for normal illnesses.

"Careful enquiries," she said, "might be made into conditions ruling at some nursing homes to see whether they do in actual fact receive what might be called normal illnesses, and whether there are not great grounds for believing that curious and very undesirable practices are going on in places which are called London nursing homes."

It is apparent from all this that the results of the Commission of 1926, so far from suppressing the evil, have not prevented its extension.

The chief of these results was the Nursing Homes Registration Act of 1927, which provided for the registration and inspection of nursing homes. Failure to register is punishable by a fine of £50, and the duty of supervision is vested in the local authorities.

Certain publicly controlled institutions are properly excluded from the scheme, but the definition of "nursing home" includes all types of nursing homes, including maternity.

Why has the scheme failed? If registration were universal and supervision adequate it could not have failed.

But the fact that registration is evaded is evidenced, not merely by such flagrant examples as the Waddingham case, but by many others which have attracted less public attention in the interval. From Sir Kingsley Wood's speech at Taunton it is evident that he attributes the fact to the slackness of the local authorities in performing their duties under the Act of 1927.

"A nursing home," he said, "which, in contravention of the law, escapes registration, escapes supervision, and it is desirable to remind local authorities of this very vital part of their duties."

And he has followed this general animadversion up by issuing an instruction to the authorities and by setting up the Departmental Committee under Mr. Birkett.

Whether these measures will succeed in tightening up the administration and bringing the scandal of the unregistered nursing home to an end time will show. They should certainly do something to diminish it, and if registration is followed by the sternest measures of supervision and by the active help of the medical profession the Augean stable should undergo substantial cleansing.

The vampires who batten upon this shameful industry must be routed out of their nests, and registration must carry with it drastic regulations that will ensure a decent standard of structural fitness, efficiency of nursing service and elimination of the shady practices to which Mrs. Tate has drawn attention, and which events like the Waddingham case have shown to exist.

But if we are to stamp out this monstrous evil something more must be done. And that something more is to get rid as far as it is possible of the nursing home as a profit-making machine.

While it remains that it will always offer a temptation to the harpies who prey upon the misfortunes of others and who are the last people fitted to have the most sacred service of humanity in their hands.

It is too much to expect that the private nursing home can be wholly displaced. Under the fullest sanction of the medical profession it can, and does, fulfil a service to society, and there will always be people who, having the means, will prefer private to institutional treatment, simply because it is private and exclusive.

They will not include the Lord Provost of Glasgow, who, in speaking at the annual meeting of the Victoria Infirmary at Glasgow recently, said that if anything happened to him he had left instructions that in no circumstances was he to be sent to a nursing home.

"For one thing," he added, "I could not afford nursing home fees."

But while we cannot look for the total elimination of the private nursing home, we can and should look for the wide extension of all the activities carried on in the nursing home as a part of the public health service.

When it comes to a question of life and death, there should be no discrimination in treatment between "the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady."

There is only one service that is suitable, and that is the best—for both. With a thoroughly reformed and national hospital system there will be no question that that best service will be available for all who need it in the public institutions, in the paying wards of which the wealthy will still be able to enjoy the privilege of exclusiveness.

And that service should cover every necessity fulfilled by the private nursing homes—medical, surgical, mental or chronic.

In this way we may end the scandal of the nursing home. The measures taken by the Minister of Health through the local authorities will attack it from one angle. The extension of the public institutional system will attack it from the other.

There will still be room for the highly equipped and efficient nursing home for those who want it and can afford it.

But there will be a universal service of exemplary quality for the nation as a whole. And the squalid and nauseous chapter of the unregistered nursing home will be closed.

EXCLUSIVE INFORMATIONS DIRECTED BY SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

HIDDEN Municipal Milk SCANDAL

ELEVEN years ago, in an effort to check the prevalence of typhoid and similar epidemics, the Government made an Order to lessen the possibility of impure and unclean milk being distributed to the public.

In every area of the country, in consequence, many thousands of pounds of the ratepayers' money are now being spent yearly in the veterinary inspection of dairy herds and in the enforcement of regulations by which milk must be bottled only in prescribed premises open to constant official supervision.

* * *

Previously, it was common for dairymen to take dirty milk bottles from doorsteps and to fill them, without cleaning, in the streets. A number of serious epidemics were traced to this unhygienic practice and, since it was forbidden, the courts have always imposed severe penalties on all persons guilty of infringements.

But there is one place in Britain where this legislation, so essential in the interest of public health, can be played with fast and loose.

It is the town of Andover, in Hampshire.

Recently, the medical officer of health for Andover has received a large number of complaints from householders that milk was being supplied to them in dirty containers which, it was suggested, were being filled in the streets.

The sanitary inspector of the town was ordered to investigate. He spent weeks on the job and, in the end, obtained sufficient evidence to justify him making a report to the sanitary committee for the purposes of a prosecution against a dairyman.

The committee had no hesitation whatever in recommending to the council that court proceedings should be instituted.

A few days ago the council heard this recommendation, but by eight votes to seven refused to entertain it.

It was an extraordinary decision. There was no suggestion that the evidence obtained was insufficient to justify a prosecution.

* * *

And throughout the proceedings the alleged offender remained unnamed!

Very remarkable were some of the pleas put forward on his behalf by certain councillors. "We would do a lot better on the council," said one member, "by being kinder to one another in expression and thought."

One alderman, the managing director of a co-operative society, made strenuous efforts to destroy the secrecy and to have proper action taken against the nameless dairyman. It was about time, he said, that councillors realised that they were in office in the interests of the public and not of individuals.

The Mayor of Andover also protested, stating that if the council did not uphold the work of its sanitary inspector and the public health department it might as well dispense with their services.

Then he made the remarkable statement that out of the fifteen members of the council present, eleven of them knew the name of the individual concerned and all the staff of the council were also aware of it.

"Why try to hoodwink ourselves by pretending that we do not know who he is?" asked the Mayor.

The council remained adamant. The name of the supposed offender was not even hinted at and the decision not to prosecute him was clearly arrived at on personal grounds alone.

Who is he?

JOHN BULL could answer that question. For the present we do not propose to do so.

In the first instance, we are directing the attention of the Minister of Health to the astounding facts so that he may be able to make a statement to Parliament, without prejudice, after his own investigation is completed.

That statement should be a startling one. We can promise that it will strike down to the roots of municipal government.

Huge sums are spent in the hygienic bottling and sterilisation of milk supplies

SCOUT HERO'S ORDEAL

THE courage of a fifteen-year-old Boy Scout in attempting to stop a runaway motor-car has brought him not praise but suffering and hardship.

Gordon Byham, of Church Road, Upper Norwood, London, has represented his Boy Scout troop in boxing tournaments and cross-country running. His development as an athlete was remarkable in view of the fact that in early childhood he was subject to fits and prolonged ill-health.

Recently, Byham was cycling near the Crystal Palace when he saw a chance to perform his daily "good deed" in the tradition of the Scout movement.

Patrol Leader Gordon Byham

A motor-car came down the hill towards him. It swung crazily from one side of the road to the other and, as it drew abreast of him, the boy saw that the car was driverless.

Byham did not hesitate. He threw his cycle aside and, taking a running leap, landed on the running-board with the idea of stopping it.

He placed himself in great peril. All the time the car was gathering speed and his leap on to it and the effort of opening the door at the driving seat and clambering inside while it was moving fast were fraught with danger.

But, once inside the car, he realised that he knew nothing about the mechanism and that he was helpless either to steer or to stop it.

Meanwhile, the car was travelling at a great pace and heading towards a builder's truck and a wall. The boy jumped clear just before it crashed.

* * *

He waited until a policeman arrived and, regaining his bicycle, rode home resolving to learn at the earliest opportunity how to drive and stop a car.

There was a sequel to these events in court a few days ago, when a summons against the car owner for using a vehicle with inefficient brakes was dismissed.

Young Byham was called as a witness. Instead of receiving commendation for his effort to avert what might have been a very serious accident, he was questioned repeatedly as if he had been guilty of a crime.

Again and again the suggestion was made to him that he had entered the car when it was at a standstill and had started it.

The result for Scout Byham has been lamentable. His experience in the runaway car and the ordeal to which he was so unjustly subjected in court have caused a recurrence of his childhood fits with alarming frequency.

* * *

His health has become so bad that he has handed in his badges as a Scout patrol leader.

And, worst of all, his condition is so serious that he has now had to relinquish his employment when he was on the threshold of what promised to be an excellent career.

Big Lottery Ramp

BRITAIN has been deluged in the last few days with books of sweepstake tickets supposed to be issued on behalf of the great French National Lottery.

The books and tickets are of all kinds, sizes and descriptions, and purport to give subscribers not only shares in the State Lottery, but also in gigantic sweepstakes on the race known as the Grand Prix de Paris to be run next Sunday.

Information obtained by JOHN BULL shows that at least six million of these brightly coloured vouchers, accompanied by impressive literature, have been distributed already in Great Britain.

They are on sale in mills, factories and offices everywhere, being offered by agents who are paid substantial commission.

The distribution of the tickets is, of course, wholly illegal.

We have caused a thorough investigation of the origin of this flood of lottery tickets to be made in France, and the information obtained is so serious as to call for the strongest action both by the Foreign Office and the Home Office.

The French National Lottery is, of course, above suspicion. But the enterprises being conducted in its name for the sale of tickets on a vast scale in Britain are a thorough ramp.

Our enquiries in France reveal that the offices, mostly in Paris and Monte Carlo from which the wholesale distribution of tickets in this country has been organised, are supposed to be those of banks and financial houses. They are nothing of the kind.

Each of the distributing companies is an upstart concern—brought into existence only in the last few months for the purpose of bringing off a colossal coup at the expense of the British public.

Most of them, we find, have been promoted by Italians, who have entered France specially to perpetrate a colossal imposition on the people of this country.

There is no guarantee that any of the tickets which are being sold will ever participate in the State lotteries or sweepstakes. The audacity of the thing is increased by the fact that the selling price of the tickets is more than twice their value.

National HEALTH *Disgrace*

OF all the social services none is more constantly under criticism for harshness and meanness than the National Health Insurance administration.

The 15,000,000 workers affected by it have many just causes for complaint, but the Government obstinately refuses to take any action to achieve reform.

Let the case of Mr. J. F. Willis, of Hither Green Lane, Lewisham, London, be cited as an example of the scandalous treatment which an insured contributor has to endure.

Mr. Willis is an omnibus driver. Eight weeks ago he had to leave his work for treatment for cancer of the tongue.

He is a member of the National Amalgamated Approved Society, one of the biggest organisations of the kind in the country, which administers National Health Insurance for seven of the largest assurance companies and which boasts that it distributes nearly £50,000,000 of cash benefits to its members every year.

During the two months he has been undergoing radium treatment for his affliction Willis has been paid the standard rate of 15s. weekly as benefit, out of which he is required to pay 7s. 6d. a week to the hospital.

After paying rent, he is left with about 3s. a week to maintain his wife and home. This has not, of course, been possible, and his life's savings have been completely used up.

Two months of radium treatment of the mouth has made it necessary that Willis should have a dental operation, the cost of which will be £2 5s.

He therefore approached his approved society and asked to be provided with dental benefit to which he is entitled.

But the society has replied that under the regulations, it will only pay one-half of the expense—£1 2s. 6d. Willis protested that he had now no means of his own to meet the balance.

* * *

What has this big and wealthy society done in the circumstances? *For the sake of £1 2s. 6d. it has sent the man to seek the aid of a private charity.*

And the charity cannot help him until he obtains a requisite number of letters of recommendation from its subscribers.

Without the dental operation it will never be possible for Willis to have anything but liquid food. He is not only destitute; he is completely broken in health after the prolonged course of radium treatment which he has had to undergo.

Never was there greater condemnation of the National Health Insurance administration than is expressed in the plight of this helpless citizen.

MENTAL PATIENT SENT TO JAIL

Mr. Justice Singleton must have been caused immense difficulty

ARTHUR MERREY, aged thirty-six, whose home is at Makin Street, Mexborough, Yorkshire, has just been sentenced to six months' imprisonment at Leicester Assizes.

A grievous error has been made.

No one will believe when the Home Secretary is made aware of the truth, that this man will be allowed to remain in prison one day longer.

Merrey is not a criminal. He is a mental case.

All his life he has had a faultless character, and his family are prominent for their religious associations in Mexborough, where his father has been a deacon of the Congregational Church for more than twenty years.

Ten years ago Arthur Merrey's mental condition changed after an attack of diphtheria. His cheerful and generous disposition gave way to one of moroseness. He became steadily worse, and always had to have someone in attendance on him.

Then he became dangerous and threatened violence.

Three years ago, on the advice of the medical officer for health, his parents consented to his removal to the mental ward of a poor law institution.

He was there until two months ago, when he escaped.

* * *

Because of Merrey's condition, the police were alarmed. His description was circulated throughout the country.

But nothing was heard about him until four weeks had passed. Then, in the early hours of the morning, the occupants of a farmhouse in the Leicester district heard noises, and, on investigating, they found Merrey in the kitchen devouring a plate of bread and butter.

The man offered no resistance and made no attempt to get away. He seemed to be completely dazed, and to have no idea of his whereabouts. He presented an appalling appearance.

When asked questions, Merrey kept on repeating only one word—"Hungry."

The farmer took him to the house of the local constable, who charged him with burglary and stealing the bread and butter and placed him in custody.

Rosaline and Kathleen Burvill—their case is typical of thousands

For days Merrey had to be treated for the effects of starvation. He was examined by a prison doctor who found that, mentally, he was equal only to a child of eight. He could not give answers even when asked such simple questions as the name of the month or the name of the King.

* * *

When Merrey's father in Yorkshire was told of his son's capture and arrest at Leicester, he immediately approached the police and inquired about taking steps to obtain legal representation.

He was told that this was quite unnecessary, and that he had no cause to worry because his son would be put back in a mental institution.

When the police-court proceedings took place the father was informed that the nature of the charge was such that his son would have to be committed to the assizes, but that he would be declared unfit to plead and would be sent to some institution.

This course was not followed.

Mr. Justice Singleton, instead, was told that Merrey was not certifiable. This statement must have caused immense difficulty to the judge in deciding how to deal with the man.

He sentenced him to six months' imprisonment, expressing the belief that it would be in his interests to be sent where he could be looked after and treated.

A prison sentence for a first offence in such circumstances is too terrible to be countenanced. An alternative should be found.

The proper place for Merrey is a mental hospital.

If by some miracle Merrey is cured of his mental ill-health, his whole future will be in peril, because he will be branded as a criminal for the rest of his life, whereas the burglary for which he has been sentenced was only the act of a deranged and starving man.

NEW THREAT TO WORKERS

MR. G. E. **BASSETT, of Brailes Grove, Little Bromwich Road, Birmingham, is a very humble** man. But **there is every likelihood that** his name **will pass into industrial** history.

By occupation **he is what is called a** radial driller, **engaged in the manufac**ture of radiators. **His name will be** heard **in Parliament very soon because** he has become **the central figure in** events which **are of importance to every** worker in the country.

Most of the large trade unions are at present occupied with the problem of systematically **reducing overtime, which** has become **a serious one since the** recent revival **in industry.**

* * *

Mr. Bassett **has brought it to the fore**front in an **unexpected manner and** with surprising **results by independent** action.

The other **day he started work with a** new employer **and at the end of a shift** was told that **he would have to work** overtime.

Bassett **dissented. He told his em**ployer that **he had not contracted to** perform overtime **and that he had an** objection **to it in the present economic** condition **of the country because it was** one of the **chief reasons why the un**employment **figures were not falling in** proportion **to the increase in produc**tivity.

The man **was dismissed on the spot.** There can **be no objection to that. An** employer **has every right to dispense** with the **services of a worker who is** not prepared **to accept his conditions.**

But **this employer went farther. He** sent to the **Ministry of Labour a report** of such a **nature that it would disqualify** Bassett **from unemployment benefit on** the grounds **that he had been dis**obedient and **was workshy.**

* * *

The Ministry **has investigated the** facts and **found that Bassett has con**scientious **objections to working over**time.

But the **Ministry's representatives** have decided **to penalise him. Bassett** and his **family have been suspended** from **unemployment benefit!**

So a very **big issue has been raised.** Can the **State punish a man who is will**ing to do a **full day's work but no more?** In giving **its answer to that question,** the Government **will make the case of** Mr. Bassett **an historic one.**

Monstrous R.A.F. Dismissal

VERY disquieting have been the revelations of recent dismissals of civilian workers from the Royal Air Force.

None of the cases is more remarkable, however, than one which arose a few days ago to end the career of Mr. W. P. Finnegan, who has served the R.A.F. for twelve years—the last seven years in the capacity of an Air Ministry warder, the equivalent of a military policeman.

Finnegan has not only been dismissed, but he and his wife and their child have been ejected from the house which the Air Ministry provided for them at Halton Village, near Aylesbury, Bucks.

Tragedy came to the family in the shape of a small coil of rusted wire-netting that had lain for weeks in a spinney near Finnegan's house.

As the wire-netting seemed to be unwanted junk, Finnegan thought that he could patch his chicken-house with it.

He took it home and for days it stood propped up against the fowlhouse. There was no concealment and certainly there was no idea of theft.

Finnegan regarded the old piece of wire-netting as discarded rubbish, and took it to his garden quite openly.

It was observed lying there by a superior officer, who caused him to be suspended from duty. Then he was sentenced to immediate dismissal!

Warder W. P. Finnegan

And within twenty-four hours he was served with a notice to quit the Air Ministry house which had been his home for seven years.

That rusted piece of wire-netting, worth three shillings at the most, has knocked the bottom from this happy family's world.

Finnegan's career has been wrecked.

Yet his twelve years' record of service, both as aircraftman and as a warder, was unblemished.

We are appealing to the Air Minister to give his personal consideration to this sad case in which justice appears to have been both blind and deaf.

Little School Dictators

LETTERS of complaint which are reaching JOHN BULL in increasing numbers point to the need for urgent attention by the President of the Board of Education to a subject which is causing concern to parents in many parts of the country.

It is the compulsion being exercised on them to provide their children who are attending elementary schools with expensive sets of uniform clothing or outfits for gymnastic classes and similar special purposes.

These demands are particularly oppressive on families affected by unemployment or with small incomes.

The difficulty created in hundreds of thousands of homes is illustrated in this letter from Mr. Robert Wood, of Neilston Road, Paisley:

"My seven-year-old daughter" (he writes) "came home from school and said the teacher had told her she must obtain a white blouse and gymnastic slip for the drill-class.

"After two years' unemployment, I cannot afford to pay for the outfit. I I have tried to explain this to my little girl, but a child of her age cannot understand what unemployment and shortage of money mean.

"She is very worried because the teacher's order cannot be carried out, and I am sure she suspects in her little mind that her parents are ungenerous."

* * *

But the position is much more serious than represented by that letter.

Take, for instance, the case of Mrs. Burvill, of Marshall Street, Folkestone. She is the mother of five children, and the total income of her household is about 45s weekly.

Three girls in the family are always sent to school well dressed. Not long ago the mother bought four dresses which her daughters had made at school, but now she has been told that the girls must discontinue wearing them.

A few days ago one of the children, Kathleen, aged eleven, was remonstrated with by her teacher for not appearing at school dressed in a special type of blouse and slip which the girls had been ordered to wear.

The child reached home in tears and in great distress.

An elder sister, Rosaline, for whom also the mother was unable to provide the special dress, was so affected by her sister's experience that Mrs. Burvill decided to keep them both at home for two days until she obtained an interview with the authorities.

* * *

The mother got the interview—but scant satisfaction. She was informed that the teachers are the arbiters of what apparel school children should wear, not the parents.

Next day a bombshell fell. Because his two children had been absent from school for two days, their father was served with a blue warning notice from the Education Committee of the Folkestone Council informing him that he would be prosecuted if they were not returned forthwith!

Frightening action of this kind against parents who have legitimate cause to protest is intolerable.

There is neither law nor regulation which compels parents to incur the cost of providing their children with distinctive and uniform dress for school attendance. An early explanation from the President of the Board of Education is clearly necessary, because complaints are forthcoming on a national scale.

Have you ever seen a hand like this?...

a grand slam, in fact ♦ ♣ ♠ ♥

We are playing a similar hand with "Senior Service." In our case the eleven spades are the 11 choice varieties of vintage tobaccos we use in the blend. The ace of diamonds exemplifies wealth of experience. The ace of hearts stands for the love of producing the best, the honour of knowing you have succeeded, and the heart to put quality first.

We have a cast-iron hand, so naturally the call is Senior Service . . . .

★ *In keeping with the Quality of the cigarette is the unique Series of superb photographs . . . with stories. One in the 10 and two in the 20 packets.*

SENIOR SERVICE

10 for 6d.
20 for 1'-

Cigarettes

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Wicked Ban on the Banns

"DOLE" ISN'T PAUPERISM—SHIPS UNFIT FOR PIGS—OLD AGE PENSION SHAME

The friend of Love's Young Dream

DEAR DR. DRUMMOND SHIELS,—I shall be surprised if the music-hall wags do not find rich material for humour in your advice to sweethearts.

She men, you say, need encouragement in matters of love, and girls shouldn't be thought unmaidenly if they provide the encouragement.

Well, I shall leave that excellent advice to our comedians for comment.

But I want to endorse, in the most emphatic language, two other points you have made in your address to the British Social Hygiene Council.

"Young people are faced with enormous difficulties to-day when they try to live a decent and moral life. Bad housing and the resultant overcrowded conditions give them a bad start in life."

That is true. And I think it is the first evil which our rulers should tackle in their efforts to stop the decline in population.

Then you say, "We believe in early marriage, yet there are all sorts of obstacles put in the way of young couples, in the police force, the Navy, Army, the Air Force, in Church organisations and missionary bodies and among certain firms."

* * *

There you have exposed, as I have previously exposed, what is actually an infringement of the rights of the subject.

The Defence Forces, of course, do not actually forbid early marriage. They merely refuse to recognise it by making no marriage allowances to wives of very young men, though, in practice, that is as effective as an actual ban.

The Church, though it professes to encourage early marriage, openly discourages its young parsons from marriage and, to disguise the fact that the stipends which many young curates receive are not enough to keep them from half-starvation, declares that celibacy is good for their souls—however bad it may be for their minds. But it is in the commercial world that I find the ban at its worst.

I receive countless letters from clerical workers whose firms (banks and other great corporations) forbid them to marry below the age of twenty-six or even thirty.

* * *

Here again the fetish is economic in its purpose.

A bank, let us say, argues that a young clerk whose duty is to handle large sums of money may be tempted to embezzle if he is married and has a young family to support. It does not admit that the temptation would not exist if he received an adequate wage.

That is the crux of the matter, equally true of every institution or concern which frowns on Love's Young Dream and talks of it as though it were a Nightmare to Morality.

Sociologists and physicians alike testify to the benefits of early marriage. Skinflints try to convert those blessings into curses to distract attention from their own anti-social practices which swell profits.

You will, I hope, continue to attack the ban on marriage, whatever its purpose and supposed justifications.

You will, I know, agree with me that to regulate the private affairs of grown men and women is not only an impertinent interference, but a mischievous one.—JOHN BULL.

Judge ARCHER,
Worthing County Court

YOUR HONOUR,—You amaze me. To draw the "dole" is *not* "exactly the same as being in the workhouse." Nor is unemployment benefit "the Government's money."

You should know very well that the benefit is an insurance to which the Government contributes only a part. You should know that a worker who has to apply for its aid is in the position not of a workhouse pauper, but of a man drawing something for which he has been saving up for years.

If your car is smashed up in a collision you are not degraded by claiming the cost from your insurance company, are you?—JOHN BULL.

Alderman G. R. CARTER,
Lord Mayor of Bradford

MY LORD MAYOR,—I don't believe "that if the chief constable had the right to spank some children it would do them far more good than bringing them before the magistrates."

I don't believe any policeman should have the right to punish offenders without trial. I don't believe any policeman should have to thrash children. I don't believe the ordeal of being spanked by a policeman will make a naughty child grow into a good citizen.

And, finally, I don't believe you are serious.—JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—It's a shame your Department has to admit that there are nearly 215,000 persons in England and Wales drawing old-age pensions *who are also in receipt of poor relief.*

If those figures prove anything it is that the State's old-age pensions are not sufficient to keep old folks above the poverty line.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. OLIVER STANLEY,
President of the Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—I'm sorry but not surprised to hear that when the British ship *Helka* was in a North Sea collision, the only British member of the crew was the wireless operator.

I know the same can be said of very many British vessels, though nearly 50,000 of our seamen are unemployed.

On another page I tell of living conditions in many of our ships that are unfit for pigs. And I know that there's a chance for you to make a success of your new job by tightening up the Board of Trade regulations.—JOHN BULL.

THOMAS HENRY SPETTIGUE,
Cornish farmer

SPETTIGUE—I think you deserve that heavy sentence of three years' penal servitude for shooting 178 pellets into the anatomy of your enemy.

You "wanted to make it difficult for him to sit down." I hope the result has made you sit up.—JOHN BULL.

Major G. C. TRYON,
Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR,—Like most other great commercial undertakings the Post Office has discovered that Press advertising pays. I am glad that as a result your business is rapidly expanding.

But I am sorry the G.P.O.'s increasing prosperity means nothing to many badly underpaid postal workers—whose plight I will continue to "advertise" free of charge.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Justice GREAVES LORD,
Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD,—I suppose everyone will agree with you that unemployment and suffering cannot be an excuse for crime. "A testing time to show whether one has any courage or not" is how you put it.

But the knowledge that, were our Society better organised, there would be work and prosperity for all—such knowledge is enough to make any unemployed and hungry man feel bitter.

And if his bitterness does not condone crime, neither does it condone the apathy of those who should be trying to end the poverty which tempts men to steal.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN SIMON,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR JOHN,—I always thought a Chancellor of the Exchequer should know something about figures.

But, in reply to Question 68 on the Finance Bill, you gave the answer to Question 67, and didn't spot the mistake; then you confessed that you didn't understand an income-tax clause which you proposed.

If the Bill is so complicated that you can't grasp it, who can?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. C. JAMES,
Dorchester

SIR,—Speaking as Deputy Mayor, you attack folk who sentimentalise over ancient buildings. You'd rather see a modern dance hall replace the old Dorset Assize Court in which the Tolpuddle martyrs were tried.

"Let's make people more happy," is one of your reasons. Ever thought that fine old relics make people happy?—JOHN BULL.

COUNTESS HAIG,
London, S.W.

DEAR LADY HAIG,—I, too, think that the statue of your late husband is "monstrous," and I can appreciate your wish that it will be smashed to smithereens in transit to its site in Whitehall.

To me it seems that most of London's statues to great men are hideously ugly, so ugly that they could be improved only by a charge of dynamite.—JOHN BULL.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

BRAIN, BRAIN, GO AWAY!

STRANGE how the Fates their gifts allot!
For A is brainy—B is not.
And yet quite frequently we see
A left behind by brainless B.

It often must have puzzled you
How B contrives so well to do
In spite of cerebral decay—
That is assuming *you* are A!

The explanation, A, old chap,
Is: brains are but a handicap—
Which makes plain how an ass like B
Can forge ahead of you and me!

What other explanation *can* there be when a blighter like Whosethis is able to hold down a job that brings him in . . . ! However, let me refer you to a case handled by Dr. Halstead, an American neurologist, who, in removing a brain tumour, had to remove three-quarters of the adjacent grey matter.

After the operation the patient for a time provided a convincing impersonation of a village ha-ha; but soon his "axed" reasoning department began to function far more efficiently than in the days when it was overstaffed; with the result that its owner became a millionaire. All of which, I think you will admit, proves something or other.

In pre-war days intellectual capacity was, of course deemed absolutely essential to success. But with the war this idea had to be jettisoned to enable us to keep up the supply of Brigadier-Generals.

And then the talkies gave the theory a further jolt by rushing to offer umpteen thousand dollars or more to blondes who had been furnished with sweetbreads in the place usually reserved for brains.

But old-fashioned prejudice dies hard, so that even when brains had been proved to be no longer essential they were still looked upon as slightly desirable. Now, however, Dr. Halstead's communique has rendered gratuitous even this assumption.

If a man who has been left with only a fourth of his reasoning faculty can become a millionaire, what is a reasonable allowance of intellect for a £400-a-year M.P.? And if a fourth of a brain is better than a whole one, what might not be achieved by the proprietor of a mere eighth or sixteenth?

Not knowing any Jay P's, I am unable to answer this question; but it is at least obvious that our whole attitude toward that hitherto overrated commodity, intellect, will have to be revised.

Slimming treatment designed to reduce the size of the cranium may soon become popular, and surgery may yet take it upon itself to decide that the brain, like the appendix, is utterly superfluous.

Although of push and go you have your need,
Yet find somehow that you can not succeed.
You'd better know the worst:
With an outsize brain you're cursed—
A little bit off the top is what you need!

A little or a lot you well may spare;
The surgeon's knife will probe and trim and pare
And remove the surplus stuff,
Till you're left with just enough
Intelligence to be a millionaire!

And if, by some mischance, the surgeon's hand
Should slip, removing more than he had planned.
The regrettable mistake
May your reputation make—
Since for crooners there is always a demand!

Y. Z.

On the Broads—very flat, Norfolk—but life just can't be 'flat' with a cargo of Turkish Delight.

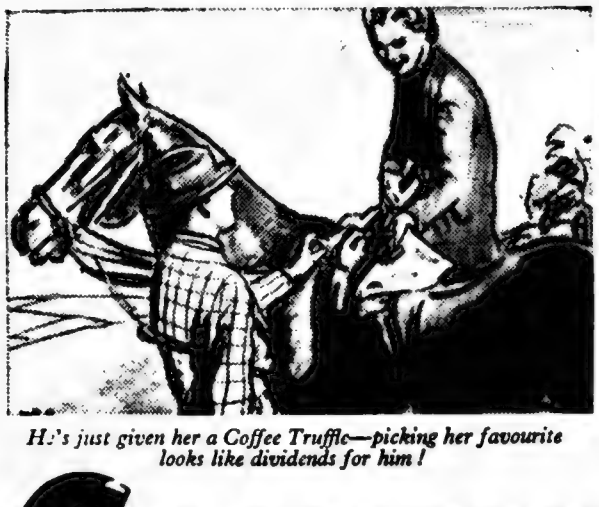
EVERYONE'S GETTING THESE 'CHOCOLATE-BLOX'

Your favourite soft centre and all in a 2d. block

A grand new idea—and there's something in it for everyone! Something you've never had before—8 of your *favourite flavour* soft-centre chocolates in a Cadbury filled block. Never again need you search through a box of chocolates for the few with centres that you really like. No more second-favourite centres—it's 'flavour-favourite' for all time from now on. You save money too—because 8 soft centres made and filled *together* are cheaper to make than 8 separate chocolates which have to be filled *one by one*. So not only do you *get more* of what you want—but you *pay less* for it.

Whichever your favourite soft centre is, you'll find it in the delightful Cadbury range. Take your choice from Caramello Turkish Delight, Milk Coffee Truffle, and many others. Everyone's taking to them. They're grand!

2D.



He's just given her a Coffee Truffle—picking her favourite looks like dividends for him!

He is starting young. Knows just what to give her already! Caramello's her favourite.

CADBURY FILLED BLOCKS

CARAMELLO, MARZIPAN *and many other flavours*

10 MINUTES TO WAIT-

-SO *Mine's a Minor!*

In taste, quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes.

De Reszke MINORS

PLAIN, CORK OR IVORY-TIPPED

In tins: 30 *for* 1/- ★ 60 *for* 2/- ★ *In boxes:* 15 *for* 6d ★ 30 *for* 1/-

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

FOR THAT LEISURED ¼ HOUR—DE RESKE MAJORS. 20 for 1/-

She's listening to *CRISPNESS*

Listen to the fairy song of health—the merry chorus sung by Kellogg's Rice Krispies as they merrily "snap, crackle, pop" in a bowl of cold milk!

If you've never heard a food talking—well now's the chance. Serve Rice Krispies, pour on cold milk or cream, and listen! Off they go—snapping and popping away in their crispness.

Kiddies love these frisky little bubbles of pure, toasted rice. Grown-ups like them too! They're so delicious and good to eat. So easily digested and full of nourishment. And with a little fruit they're a real treat.

Get a packet of Kellogg's Rice Krispies from your grocer to-day. No cooking. 7½d per packet.

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

So Crisp They Crackle in Cream

CRIME Against the SAILOR

Is it worth risking his life to go to sea for a job? he may well ask. President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Oliver Stanley, with his predecessor, Mr. Walter Runciman, to whom seamen look for legislation to improve their working conditions

A COLLIER was pitching through a heavy summer sea with a cargo of coals from Newcastle, outward bound for a Danish port, writes a JOHN BULL investigator.

The seas were breaking over the poop, dashing out the daylight in the fo'c'sle, which lay right aft, every time they broke, plunging everything into a sickly sea green light as the water shut out day.

Through the badly fitting portholes (the deadlights were heavy with rust and they could not be shifted) the seas came spurting in, soaking the bunks of the crew and swelling the pool of salt water that lay an inch deep on the fo'c'sle floor.

Some optimist had hung up a bucket under the mushroom ventilator, which, like the deadlights, was too rust-ridden to close.

But the bucket was always overflowing as the sea water came pouring down into it. The bogey stove had been extinguished. It had also come adrift, and the fo'c'sle air was choked with the thick sulphurous fumes.

Things were not much better amidships, where the officers had their cabins. Six inches of water were trickling through the steel alleyways. The seams in the deck planks had opened overhead.

Every time a sea broke over the ship water came in. One energetic engineer was trying to close the gaps with hot tar!

I saw him running on deck with a red-hot poker in his hand. The galley skylight was cracked, so water dripped on the men below struggling to cook their food on the rocking stove.

That collier was rather like our Merchant Shipping Act, first passed in 1894 and last amended in 1906, for the protection of our merchant seamen. Old and out of date, full of holes, and a trap to anyone who puts his trust therein.

From time to time the landsman's conscience stirs a bit uneasily when a series of disasters at sea, that somehow strikes the national imagination more than others, lead up to questions in Parliament and even an occasional enquiry.

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There was such an enquiry not very long ago. The Court found that while the owners observed to the letter the regulations of the Board of Trade, if the safety of the crew had been the dominant consideration the ship would have had three instead of two mates.

The manning left no apparent margin for safety. For something rather over the proverbial "nine days" people wondered and said and wrote that it was time the Board of Trade Regulations were altered.

In Press and Parliament there was a great deal of talk about a new Merchant Shipping Act. Nothing came of it. And until there is another crop of sensational disasters at sea the seamen's plight will be quite forgotten.

Landsmen tell themselves quite truly that many, in fact most, British shipowners are very careful indeed about the safety and even the comfort of their crews.

The quantity and quality of food served is laid down by regulation on the most generous scale, barring all but the fullest cream quality milk, and forbidding the serving of margarine.

And the three-watch system, four hours on and eight off, is in force for all seagoing ships; 120 cubic feet of space must be allotted to every man; the quantity of coal a fireman is called upon to handle is restricted to three tons in twenty-four hours.

Few people realise how often these rules remain upon the paper where they are printed; how much can be done with a pot of paint while the Board of Trade inspector is below putting on his boiler suit, or how a bill of repairs to a ship in dry-dock can be inflated by repairers anxious to keep a good customer.

Sailors will not talk too freely about these things. "If I disclose my name and rating, I shall be blacklisted at every port after what I have told you," runs a letter that lies before me as I write.

"The master realised his peril, but employment was precarious." The sentence stares up from the report of an enquiry into a case where gross overloading was established.

"The chief officer, after giving evidence in the case of the loss, had to go back to sea as an ordinary seaman where he started twenty-seven years ago," runs a contemporary newspaper account.

Figures speak more boldly than seamen will venture to do. The latest official returns show that eight hundred seamen lost their lives in a single year.

We have heard a great deal lately about the appalling number of casualties on the roads, but among seamen it is more than fifteen times as high in proportion.

Rather less than half the number—something over three hundred—were killed in accidents to their ships or to themselves.

There are ugly stories about some of those accidents. Not long ago a Member of Parliament held up several rusty old bolts in the House of Commons and told the Members that they had been taken out of a lifeboat.

I have heard sailors talk of lifeboats which were lowered still attached to their falls for testing. One sank in seven minutes. The other went down in twelve. The mate appeared to imagine that he would be dismissed if he asked for new ones.

I have heard tales of ships from which three crews deserted. Five hundred deaths one year were caused by suicide, homicide and disease.

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How many of these were due to living conditions is impossible to say. But there are ships sailing under the red ensign to-day, exceptions admittedly perhaps, but certainly not rare enough, where conditions could account for any number of diseases.

There are British ships where men eat and sleep and lie sick with all manner of infectious illnesses in a stuffy little fo'c'sle below that is a very death-trap in a heavy sea.

There are British ships where the fireman handles, not three, but four and five and even six tons of coal in the twenty-four hours.

And those fine food regulations are not so rigidly applied in some lines as they should be.

Yet the very men who have told me these things have gone on to talk enthusiastically of other ships in which they sailed, where they were housed and fed as well as any passenger and where the happiest days in all their lives were passed.

Tales of lifeboats sinking at their falls; tales of men fed on 9d. a day; tales of crews deserting to a man; tales of buckets of water baled out, ninety of them in a single day, from a firemen's fo'c'sle.

Tales of ships where the men's lockers are crawling with bugs and cockroaches, sometimes inevitable, perhaps; tales of masts swarmed to save the trouble of rigging a boatswain's chair.

How very pleasant it would be to lump these things as sailors' yarns along with the mermaids and the great sea-serpent, yet none of it is worse than the evidence set out and accepted before Board of Trade enquiries.

"I have been busy trying to stop leaks. I'm afraid it's a hopeless job," one captain reports.

"All the crew were hollow-cheeked and seriously overworked."

"They are all done up after three days and nights of it."

"We could not live in the firemen's quarters when we left work—nor remain in them more than fifteen minutes without having to go on deck to dry ourselves. There was not a porthole in good condition—bedding was never dry in bad weather."

"Chain links (in the steering gear) snapped and had constantly to be replaced; the men had to go down to the well deck to repair it at the risk of their lives; whether the chains were going to hold was a constant worry."

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"Certain very material facts relating to the ship's safety" (this time the Court itself is speaking) "were known to those on board for a long time and were suppressed . . . the evidence of the presence of water in the forepeak (there were 16 feet of it) shows that entries in the log were untrue."

In this particular case the ship in question foundered in mid-Atlantic with all her crew, after an inspector had reported her "in a good and satisfactory condition."

"Water was entering the forehold in quantities which could not be kept down by pumps; there was evidence of rusted areas, and of plating reduced in thickness by reason of age."

These remarks are taken at random from enquiries into the loss of four ships which recently sank within six months, involving the loss of over a hundred lives.

Those ships were not typical of the British Mercantile Marine, nor, I fear, are they unique cases.

And there are two things about those enquiries that obtrude themselves uncomfortably upon the notice of those of us who stay safely on shore and who perhaps do not think enough about those of our countrymen who are not so fortunate.

One is that such investigations always happen *after* the event; the other is that the terms of enquiry, limited to definite defects on specified ships, are far too narrow to provide for the future safety of the men who sail under the red ensign.

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The people of this country want to know how many ships are still afloat where "it is a constant worry to know whether the steering chain is going to hold" or where "water is entering the forehold."

Since the investigation there has been no comprehensive legislation to insure against these things happening again.

A commission with the widest terms of enquiry into living conditions and safety at sea, and a Merchant Shipping Act to bear the date 1937 and not 1894, are things that are needed urgently.

JOHN BULL demands that action be taken without any more delay.

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ACCEPT this free offer. A sample tube of Euthymol Toothpaste will be sent to all readers who write to Dept. 67/112, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1. Ensure Dental Hygiene by writing for this free trial tube now. See p. 36.

FREE to indigestion sufferers, pocket or handbag sample of MOORLAND indigestion tablets. Write (enclosing 1½d. stp.) to W. B. Curtis & Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Rawdon, Leeds. See p. 36.

FREE sample tube of Odol Toothpaste. Simply send a postcard to Cranbux, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.11), Norwich, or fill in coupon. p. 36.

SUFFERERS from backache and kidney trouble can obtain a valuable free booklet from Cystopurin, Dept. J.B.11, Genatosan, Ltd., Loughborough, Leics. See page 38.

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ACCEPT this free offer. A sample tube of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream will be sent to readers who write to Box 326/64, Euthymol, 50, Beak St., London, W.1. Write for free trial tube.

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HAVE you ever spent a holiday at Blackpool? Send for free guide and full particulars. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. 15, Town Hall, Blackpool. See p. 23.

A FREE pattern book of dress patterns and embroidery transfers will be sent to all women readers who write to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 144, Hull. The actual patterns and transfers are given free in exchange for Robin Starch certificates. Write at once for your free copy of the pattern book, "Notions For Your Needle" (1937). Every woman ought to have a copy. See p. 37.

SPECIAL free offer to readers who keep a dog. A full-size 6d. packet containing 9 Kirkwood Dog Powders can be obtained by all who write to Karswood, E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd., 28, Adelphi, Salford, Manchester, 3. They will keep your dog fit and dispel sluggish liver and kidneys and other impurities. Offer appears p.

FREE. An interesting handbook which explains the clearest explanation of the British General Fixed Trust Certificates system of investment and what it means to the small investor in safety and income. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the British General Fixed Trusts, Ltd., 36/37, King Street, London, E.C.2.

HAVE you sent in your entry in the "Irish Coloma" Limerick Competition announced in this week's issue? Hurry, the closing date is June 30.

Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to John Shaw and Son, Ltd., Walsall, for the name of your nearest stockist who keeps "Agrippus" Flannel Trousers. Every man who wants to look his best should make a point of seeing these flannel trousers, the best that money can buy.

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PERSONAL.

JIM HARRIS.—Sister wishes to find the address of her Brother, Jim Harris, age 60. Last at Drakeley Marden, nr. Hereford. £2 reward given for the address.—Miss Harris, 6, Ledbury Road, HEREFORD.

BRITISH FILMS
Sensational Disclosures

IN the last eighteen months the public has been staggered again by the colossal financial losses which have occurred in the British film industry.

In all, they have been estimated to total something between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000, which is more surprising when you view the industry as an infant which is still in need of State nursing.

That surprise was heightened last week, however, when it became known that Mr. W. C. Crocker, the famous insurance lawyer who investigated the depredations of the Harris arson gang and brought its ringleaders to book, had been asked by certain Lloyd's underwriters to investigate a number of claims made on behalf of film companies.

☆ This was a step expected by some people, because the disturbing financial situation has for months been a principal topic of conversation in film circles, and leading trade papers have stated frankly that money has been thrown away or mishandled.

In the mad orgy of spending of the last two years it is quite certain that anything might have happened.

Before that masterpiece which all Britain and America remembers—"Henry VIII"—made its spectacular and profitable appeal, British films rarely cost more than a few thousand pounds each.

Afterwards, in the circumstances we shall reveal, £30,000 to £50,000 has been regarded as a smallish sum to spend.

And when such sums consist mainly of borrowed money, obtained on nothing more tangible than optimism, how could one expect to avoid disaster?

As it is, British film producers to-day, having spent £5,000,000 in 1936, are faced with the possibility of a dead loss of £2,000,000 unless something in the nature of a miracle happens to save them.

Let us give a few examples of how losses have been incurred. In one case, where a company had been financed by a large loan, two films were made which lost more than half their production cost, while a third fared only slightly better.

The blame, in each instance, was put on the star, yet the real reason was extravagance and too high production costs.

In another case, a company filmed a stage play which had cost little to present at a West End theatre.

Experts consider that at the very most it should not have cost more than a sixth of what was actually spent on it!

Its chances of ever being a success in the United States are very slim, as it has no star value at all!

In another case film production was stopped because the company's officials decided to let the studio's floor space for £700 a week; while, in yet another, the scenario for which the cast had been booked was sent, page by page, to the producer by aeroplane!

The astonishing thing is that an awesome and almost incredible system of finance-raising has been openly accepted.

The right man for the job—Mr. W. C. Crocker has a difficult task ahead of him in unravelling the film finance tangle

Even small producing companies, run by people who understand art more than finance, have been able to obtain and squander away sums running into tens of thousands of pounds without difficulty.

They have just gone along to the men who are victims to-day, shown them documents concerning their film companies and plans, told fantastic stories of the millions in the making, and—got the backing they sought.

☆ Just as simple as that.

The world-famed British film, "Henry VIII," which was made at a colossal cost in order to capture American market—which it did very successfully—seems to have instilled speculative producers in this country with the ambition to embark upon magnificent and expensive films on borrowed money.

It drew such big box-office money that producers, big and small, were asked: "Why don't *you* make a 'Henry VIII'?"

They tumbled over each other to try and found it easy to obtain loans to put their ambitious plans into effect. Once the decision to make an expensive film had been arrived at, this is what happened:

A company was promoted and registered under the Companies Act with a small, nominal capital. Under the ægis of this, the producer approached a film actor or actress of international fame and offered a lucrative contract.

When the favoured star had signed, the producer came to terms with a popular director and got in touch with a good scenario writer.

The preliminary expenses to cover the cost of these earlier proceedings were generally privately raised, but, once the star, director and story had been fixed up, the producer turned to a film broker as his next move.

The latter was told about the star, director and the proposed "big" film's "certain profits," and asked to provide a guarantee of £40,000 or £50,000 to cover the cost of its making.

A heavy premium was paid to an insurance company or group of underwriters, and an overdraft granted by a bank on the security of the policy.

The financiers (generally not known to anyone save the broker concerned) hoped they would not be called upon to face the liability they had thus underwritten.

But when it was found that producers were spending money recklessly, could not finish the films at anything like the estimated cost, and went back to the backers for more money, events in the City began to move swiftly in a different direction.

Faced with the fact that their money was lost if they did not agree to guarantee the further capital required to complete the films, underwriters grew alarmed.

At least two "Big Five" banks, towards the end of last year, finally intimated that they would not advance any more money to film production at all.

Receivers were appointed to take over backers' interests in certain companies.

☆ Ugly rumours and dangerous gossip spread throughout the film world. Studios decided to suspend work on films half-completed. Thousands of men and women were thrown out of work.

Famous stars, brought from America and elsewhere to play leading roles in some of the new "big" British films that were produced on borrowed and mortgaged capital to compete in America with Hollywood productions, stood about drawing huge salaries but doing nothing.

There are cases on record where the daily expenditure amounted to as much as £1,000 to £3,000 once actual "shooting" had commenced.

So it came about, inevitably, of course, that a sham boom developed gradually into a very grim and dismal slump.

In December last the Film Council set up a small research group of investigators to find out what the position was.

Their report showed that, unlike other great industries, the film world lacks an Intelligence Department and, with millions of pounds invested in it, still operates, like any village grocery store, on "rule of thumb."

Many of the methods by which finance had latterly been raised are regarded as "curious" and "extraordinary," while it is deplored that producers and directors are often to be found "kicking their heels" because financiers are too busy manipulating the shares.

The report disclosed that, in a period of eighteen months, the total amount raised by way of guarantees, loans and (in a few cases) debentures was in excess of £4,050,000. In many cases the producing companies concerned were private concerns with relatively little capital of their own.

☆ "One of the most striking features of this expansion from a financial point of view is the fact that on the production side it is based entirely on *expectation* without any concrete results to justify that optimism," the report adds.

Evidence was obtained by the Film Council investigators that finance groups are preparing to take control of companies as soon as a crash provides them with the cause to do so, and points out that between 1935 and the first ten months of 1936 film "financing companies" increased from one to seventeen!

Finally, it suggests that a Film Commission should be set up to take steps to bring order to finances.

That from the trade itself. Now the underwriters make their move.

Remember that 80 per cent. of 1936's squandered millions was borrowed. That between twenty and thirty companies, if not in Queer Street, are near to the corner of it.

Politics and You

A TOUGH JOB

THE Housing Act, 1936, made overcrowding a punishable offence on and after a date left to the Minister of Health to fix. He has now fixed that date for all except a handful of the 1,536 local authorities coming under the Act.

A dwelling-house is henceforth to be reckoned as overcrowded if it means that two people of opposite sexes have to sleep in the same room (unless they are living together as man and wife or children under ten years of age).

And, even if the sexes can be separated, it will still be overcrowded unless there is at least 70 square feet of sleeping space for a single person and 110 for two. Babies don't count; children under ten years can be reckoned as half an adult and, in calculating space, living rooms can be considered as bedrooms.

Overcrowding is pretty widespread. Out of over 9,000,000 dwellings inspected recently 853,000 families were found to be so living, though, if the living-room is reckoned as also a sleeping room, only 341,000 come under present regulations.

Even this is a considerable number, and many people must be wondering where they stand under the new law. For the tenant, as well as the landlord, can be fined for permitting overcrowding—£5 for the offence itself plus an additional penalty of £2 for every subsequent day, after conviction, upon which the offence continues.

You may be one of those unfortunate enough to come within the scope of the Act. If you are, however, don't worry unduly. It gives special protection to an occupier of a house *already overcrowded*, or which becomes overcrowded through children reaching the age of ten. Such an occupier is safe, unless and until he refuses an offer of suitable alternative accommodation. And it must be "suitable" both as to rent and proximity to his work.

The real burden of abating overcrowding will fall on local authorities, who are now faced with the job of providing without delay many thousands of additional houses for the displaced families.

It is estimated that anything up to half a million such homes are needed, apart altogether from ordinary year to year requirements.

* * *

The Government's rearmament programme is increasing the cost of building materials, already high enough. This makes it very difficult for local authorities to erect houses to let at low rents unless the Exchequer gives proper financial help.

At present the maximum assistance allowable is £5 per house for twenty years, and that only payable at the whim of the Minister of Health. Something much better than this must be done if overcrowding is really to be tackled in a reasonable time and with justice to all concerned.

Let your M.P. know this.

In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.

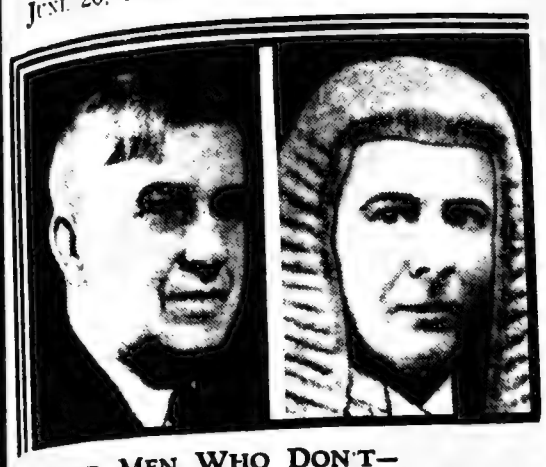
Here, there, everywhere, in the most unexpected places it is possible to buy Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes—the favourite of millions. The vast demand which makes this possible guarantees their unfailing freshness and proves their great popularity.

Player's Please

PLAYER'S MILD NAVY CUT CIGARETTES are not so well known as the popular Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes, but if your taste is for a mild and very smooth smoke, ask for Player's "MILD." An old established brand, the prices are the same as for "Medium": 10-8d. 20-11½d.

N.C.C.3[illegible]

MEN who Make CRIMINALS



—AND MEN WHO DON'T—

Mr. G. Muff, M.P., Mr. N. Goldie, K.C., M.P., and Judge Whiteley, the Common Serjeant, who have shown a sane and human knowledge of the treatment of delinquents

By HANNEN SWAFFER

MANY thoughts must have been pouring into the mind of Sir Samuel Hoare when, in the House of Commons, the other day, the annual Prisons Vote was discussed. He was the new Home Secretary, and, as such, suddenly responsible for the lot of scores of thousands of unfortunate men and women incarcerated in jails.

The scandals he heard were not his fault. It was with pride that he spoke of the fact that Elizabeth Fry, one of the most remarkable women who ever lived in this country, was his great-great-aunt, and that the first Committee that ever discussed prison reform had as its chairman his great-great-grandfather.

Therefore, the first impression that occupied his mind, he said, was the problem as to what was to be done with the young prisoner. Believe me, although much has been done, much more remains for the new Home Secretary to do.

★ The more I hear of Justice, the more I wonder how much of it there is. I hear of so many cases of people who have been made into habitual offenders by the Law itself, people who never had a chance, and so are now "old lags."

A few weeks ago there was the case of a ship's fireman who, at the Old Bailey, pleaded guilty to housebreaking. After his plea, a detective said that, ten years ago, when first tried at Middlesex Sessions for housebreaking he got three years' penal servitude.

"I am satisfied that you are one of the persons who have been manufactured into criminals by the long sentence that was passed on you for your first offence," said the Common Serjeant.

Now, in this case, the Common Serjeant, appalled by the inhumanity shown to this man when he was first tried, put him on probation—after he had served seven prison sentences!

★ The Home Secretary heard amazing stories during the Prisons debate.

Mr. J. Ritson, the Labour M.P. for Durham, said that even to-day there were on the Benches magistrates who never give prisoners the benefit of the First Offenders Act.

Then he quoted the case of a boy nearing the end of his schooling. His father had been out of work for years, and his parents were looking forward to the boy bringing in, this autumn at the latest, something towards their food.

As the boy had no money with which to buy books to develop his mind, he went to a bookstall and picked up a book without asking the leave of the stallholder, because he wanted to pass his examination. The book was not missed.

When he could not buy another book, he found some money in an envelope and took it out. Although the act was not discovered the boy went to the police and said, "My conscience is pricking me. I cannot rest any longer. I wanted to pass the examination, but I am poor and my father is poor." The boy went also to his principal.

"I cannot rest," he said. "I must tell where I got the money and the books."

The principal went to the bookstall, where they had not missed the book. Nobody could have found the boy out. Still, as he had confessed to the police, he had to go before the magistrates.

"People said that the magistrates would never dream of convicting a boy for a first offence of that kind," said Ritson, "and so no lawyer was engaged to defend him. The result was that he got two months."

"Shame!" shouted M.P.s. "Shame!"

"He came up on Coronation Day," went on Ritson, "and his pitiful cry to me was, 'When my prison sentence is finished, it will be only the beginning when I come out.'

"That boy's life is ruined. Everyone would admit that his mind ought to be cultured and sane, instead of the boy being sent to jail."

Now, Ritson, who used to be a police constable, could speak from his own painful experience.

"Very often a policeman is compelled to do things which he feels are wrong," he went on. "Sometimes a boy has been selling oranges or fruit on the footpath, and I have again and again had to bring such offenders before the Court, only to see them sent for five years to an industrial school! That sort of thing is wrong.

"I remember the pitiful looks of a boy," he said, speaking of another case, "when he heard the loose gibes of the fellow who was hardly ever out of prison. The boy was terrified. The man set out to terrify the poor lad, and I could not stop him."

Then Mr. N. B. Goldie, K.C., M.P. for Warrington, spoke as a man who for thirty years had, as a barrister and a Recorder, been closely concerned with the administration of justice.

He pointed out how scandalous it was that the only difference nowadays between imprisonment and hard labour and without it is that, for fourteen days a man sentenced to hard labour has to sleep without a mattress on a hard, bare board!"

Then, unfortunately, the closing of antiquated jails—and there is much to praise in this—has brought about a new scandal. If, for instance, an unfortunate servant girl is remanded on a charge of committing a crime, say, at Blaenau Festiniog, so few are the remand prisons that, while enquiries are going on and she is on remand, she is literally dragged from one end of the country to another.

"I had a case in my circuit," he said, "of an accused man who totalled 1,000 miles by train while he was on remand.

Now Goldie gave a case from his own recent experience. Nine youthful criminals were brought before him, all cases in which the confidential report had recommended the Borstal treatment. Yet, in spite of that, he put all the nine boys on probation to come up for sentence two sessions later.

"I am giving you this chance," he said to each boy. "Don't let me down."

Two sessions later, eight of the boys went before him—the other had absconded — and the report of the probation officers in each case was that the boy had made good and was doing splendidly.

"I think the course I took," said Goldie "has saved those boys and got them on their legs."

Now the Home Secretary heard praise for such experiments as that at Wakefield Prison, where, on Lord Allendale's estate, prisoners did outdoor work.

"I have been present," said Mr. G. Muff, M.P., "when only one warder was left with half the prisoners in the reservation while the others had gone back to prison.

"These prisoners could have walked out of the reservation, because there was only one warder to prevent them. But the men made no attempt at escape. They were placed on their honour."

No, not everybody condemns the prison system. Gradually, no doubt, it is being improved. At Wakefield, instead of wearing broad arrows on their tunics, the prisoners wear blazers with crossed oars on them.

What is not generally understood by the world is that everybody is a lawbreaker, that prisoners are the people who get found out.

Loud laughter greeted the statement of one M.P. who said that, on Coronation Day, "sixty-two spoons were pinched from this house either by Hon. Members or their intimate relatives and friends. So I say, Why should we judge?"

★ Then it is extraordinary how prison administration depends so much upon the governor. Twice I have been invited to address the prisoners in jails near London, and, on both occasions, I have been asked by the governor:

"Do not, for heaven's sake, say anything about it in the papers. There are so many people who oppose prison reform that they might kick up a row and get it stopped."

Yet there are prison governors of the old type. There are harsh judges and humane judges, cruel-minded governors and kind ones, modern magistrates and fossil-brained old fools who are sadistic at heart, although they do not know it.

There are Wakefields—and there are Dartmoors.

Every person with sense, and every person with humanity in his heart will spur the new Home Secretary on.

It must be a proud thing to have Elizabeth Fry in your family. I hope Sir Samuel Hoare will live up to the tradition of his forebears.

FORBIDDEN WATERS

ALMOST every day, in a house in Moseley Common Road, Tyldesley, a mother exacts a promise from her sons.

Always it is the same promise: "You won't go near the canal, will you?"

And always the reply is the same: "Don't worry, mother. We won't."

A few facts will enable you to understand why that mother, Mrs. Simmonds, is so frightened of the Bridgewater Canal.

There's her Albert. Only a year ago, when he was fifteen, he dived in and saved a life.

And George. George earned a life-saving certificate for a similar rescue a long time ago. Mother felt very proud of them both. Then in January last another certificate arrived in tribute to a second act of supreme courage on the part of George.

It was from the Royal Humane Society. *And it was posthumous.*

One foggy January day George had dived into the canal to save another. In that fog-bound canal he had given his life.

"Rare, cold-blooded bravery," the coroner said, reviewing the circumstances.

Can you wonder why Mrs. Simmonds exacts that promise nowadays, or why her sons tell her: 'Don't worry, mother. We won't go near the canal"? But a strange man went to the Simmonds' home the other day, and when he was asked who he wanted to see replied that he sought Albert, "the boy who carried out that wonderful rescue from the canal the other day."

"Oh, Albert!" cried Mrs. Simmonds. "What is it all about?"

Albert's expression gave her the answer.

"I didn't want you to know, mother," he said; "but I couldn't very well let the little boy die, now could I?"

"No, you couldn't stand by, Albert," she replied. "You couldn't stand by."

"I'm ever so proud of them," says Mrs. Simmonds. "But I'm terribly frightened."

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WHAT CAN THE CHURCH DO FOR ME?—10

Modern Youth finds it DULL

But not so dull for them—a service in a little London church run by children. Left, Ronald Dingwall

I ASKED the Scout Commissioner for North London to refer me to a really fine type of young Briton—one who had been years in the Boy Scout movement.

That is how I came to meet Ronald Dingwall, nineteen, fair-headed, upstanding and twelve years a Scout.

"I want you to represent the Youth of the country," I told him.

"I suppose I *am* a pretty average type," he said.

Then I asked him whether he would come with me to any place of worship of his choice as a test of the Archbishop of Canterbury's famous broadcast "Recall to Religion."

He jumped at the idea.

Follow us to Regent Square Presbyterian Church, which I gather is the headquarters of Presbyterianism in London. You will learn a lot about Youth from things Ronald told me.

For instance, I asked him if he drank. He was outpacing me chronically in the direction of the church at the time.

"I don't drink and I've never been in a pub," he replied. "But if you are asking me whether I've got a right to condemn the man who does, I say I haven't.

"Nor has a parson. Some teetotalers are more intemperate than the worst boozers. After all, bigotry is intemperance."

Then I asked him whether he made a practice of going to church. He shook his head vigorously at that.

"I go on rare occasions," he said. "I can't say that it's the form of religion that appeals to me. I don't ask it to transform the conditions of human life—but I think it should kindle the wish in us to transform the conditions of human life.

"It doesn't do that for me."

I asked him whether he had never got anything out of a church service.

"I have found them pleasant," he admitted. "And perhaps there is something in getting your spiritual side active again for an hour or so after a week of inactivity. But why should it need it?

"The Scout code is a *daily* code. You might call it an hourly code. It keeps your spiritual side active the whole time. It's the best religion I know."

I invited him to repeat it to me. He needed no printed word to remind him. Honour . . . Loyalty to God and King . . . Helpfulness . . . Brotherliness . . . Courtesy . . . Kindness . . . Obedience . . . Smiles . . . Thrift . . . Cleanliness in thought, word and deed.

Nothing shamefaced about his recital of that.

I fell to wondering how many young men like Ronald do not go to church—except on rare occasions. I invited him to give me an idea.

"Although I am doing this for JOHN BULL, and I think it is a splendid idea, I think it would be better for parsons to come along and meet us youngsters more.

"We get the idea that the Church doesn't bother about us—that it doesn't bother its head much about anybody except a few criticising, up-stage people who are regarded as the faithful.

"And so we youths grow up looking on the Church as an affair of four brick walls—and a very inferior affair either to our own Scout code or any decent young fellow's idea of how to live."

"We'll see," I said, and bade him enter the church.

It is a large church tucked away in a veritable maze of side streets.

Its minister, the Rev. G. T. Bellhouse, has presided over the congregation there for ten years, and has the reputation of being one of the most powerful preachers in London.

The building was comfortably full when we arrived—"but nearly all elderly people," as my Scout friend whispered to me while we took our first look round.

I could see that Ronald enjoyed the sermon right from the announcement of the text:

"He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."—Eccles. ii. v. 4.

There was real pleasure on his face as Mr. Bellhouse turned that into the message that if men and women of to-day are to achieve anything in life they must take risks.

That pleasure became delight when the preacher said that some country must take the risk of refusing to participate in further war and bloodshed.

But, witnessing that pleasure, I remembered the things Ronald had told me earlier about services that were merely enjoyable.

He had spoken to me very confidently and almost boldly then.

But it was a very shy and tongue-tied Ronald I took into the vestry with me—until Mr. Bellhouse loosened his tongue with smiles and a genial friendliness that was amazingly encouraging.

"Well?" questioned the minister.

The Rover Scout got down to his subject at once. He told a few simple facts about himself, and then added: "And I want to know what the Church can do for me."

Mr. Bellhouse promptly turned the tables. "That's not the question," he said. "It isn't so much what the Church can do for you as what you can do for the Church."

A hit for the clergyman? Perhaps. Yet think again what that young Scout had told me two hours before: "The boys in the Scouts with me think the Church doesn't bother about us."

I was just thinking that when Mr. Bellhouse added forcibly: "You must help *the Church*."

"But surely that's rather a tall order?" questioned Ronald. "Surely we of the younger generation are entitled to expect the help of the Church? I don't refer to to-night's service, but surely dry-as-dust services, or religion in its present form of organisation isn't going to attract youth?"

Mr. Bellhouse, still smiling, said: "You said something about a tall order, didn't you? That's rather a tall question."

Just when the Scout was hunting for the words that would enable him to put the same question in a different way, Mr. Bellhouse met him with a concession.

"I am inclined to agree that in its present form of orthodox and organised Christianity there is something lacking, and I do realise the necessity for some change to meet the urgent needs of the younger generation."

Thus encouraged, my young companion went on: "The Archbishop says he feels we need something of a faith that will 'transform conditions of human life.' Is there anything in religion in its present form to lead to such an achievement?

"Sunday observance and mere attendance at service are all very well in their way, but very unsatisfying in the direction of anything practical."

To which the minister replied: "Don't think for one moment that I'm satisfied with any achievements the Church may claim.

"In my opinion the past two years has seen the crisis of indecision in Church and religion. Nationally and internationally, events have proved that the Church has failed in its obligations."

Ronald next asked: "And can't youth get something of a lead? You say we must help the churches. I think it is most anxious to do so if it got a practical lead.

"We Scouts think our movement is really practical and that our Scout code is as good as anything the Church either preaches or practises."

Mr. Bellhouse was pleased with that, and pleased, I could see, with a thought that had come into his own mind.

"Literally speaking, there's a lot in what you say," he said; "but, nevertheless, you can't but admit that every one of your Scout laws originates from the teachings of the New Testament, and that your very adherence to them stamps you as a Christian."

Ronald knew what he felt about that but couldn't quite express himself.

He found the right words half an hour later—too late, seeing that the interview had ended.

"The Scout movement makes every man jack of us anxious to keep every Scout law to the very letter," he told me; "but you can't say the Church knows how to make every man jack of its congregations obey every law in the New Testament with as much thoroughness—and eagerly at that."

Too late to rush him back. Anyhow, Mr. Bellhouse will learn from this.

And I can add Ronald's final verdict: that he may one day become a regular churchgoer, if ever he finds the Church that inspires him as much as the movement to which he has given twelve years' blazing loyalty.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

TO be told that anger is a habit will probably surprise you—but that is just what it is.

People who are "prone to anger" are just people who have never put any check on the tendency to act on impulse. They have indulged freely all their lives in irritability. They have completely failed to establish any personal control, and, in consequence, they have allowed bad and not good temper to become their normal mood.

Whether they know it or not, they have saddled themselves with a serious disability and with a formidable handicap as far as getting on with other people and making the best of themselves is concerned.

Anger in most people, in fact, is just a reversion to childishness. It is a sign that the angry person has never properly grown up. It is, if you like to put it that way, one of the most persistent of our childish traits that continually intrude into our adult and more mature life.

This is not to argue that anger in itself is a wholly bad and undesirable thing.

No emotion is bad in itself. It is lack of control of any emotion that is bad. To be without the capacity for anger would be to be de-natured, anaemic, wishy-washy, and probably useless. But to indulge a quality just because you happen to possess it is not clever. It is stupid. It is evidence of a completely unbalanced life.

The golden secret of life is balance and control. A man must, at all costs, be master of himself.

Many town children are condemned to spend their lives in the shadow of iron "trees," and land profiteers would spoil their chances of ever seeing the green countryside

Monstro Green MU

FORTY years too late the great Green Belt plan round London is at last beginning to take shape. As much, at least, of shape, as we shall see in our lifetimes, and as much of a Green Belt as Londoners are ever likely to have.

Forty years too late—did we say? *Three hundred* and forty. For Queen Elizabeth made an edict that no more houses should be erected within a three-mile limit of the then existing boundaries of London.

That edict went the way of all others since. We have had to wait until two years ago for the L.C.C., under Herbert Morrison, to put the scattered remnants of those many plans and dreams into effect.

In spite of that £2,000,000 the L.C.C. voted, the drive and vision shown in the spending of it, the splendid achievement of these last two years, we have the word of the L.C.C.'s vice-chairman for it that "All hope must be abandoned now for a continuous green belt round London."

We'll let that pass. It's a sad conclusion. But useless now to go into the whys and wherefores of it. What we *have* got is some thirty thousand acres of green land acquired in the last two years' labours of the Council.

Before the three years' limit for the spending of that £2,000,000 is up there is the promise of some more land to come.

Then, presumably, London must be content. If it hasn't got a good, whole, all-round lung it will be able to breathe a little through the patches.

The marvel is that even so much has been achieved. You'll see that readily enough if, while the applause at London's effort is still ringing in the nation's ears, we take a peep behind the scenes.

It will be worth while, too. For London isn't Britain—however much its citizens like to think it is. There's Birmingham and Liverpool, Glasgow and Sheffield, Manchester and Bradford, all thinking of green belts now, and needing them badly. And what has gone on in London should be a good object-lesson for them—a lesson on how not to do it.

Behind those scenes we speak of there has been unparalleled confusion, muddle, waste of opportunity and public money. A half-dozen warring producers, a hundred supers all wanting to play Hamlet at once, and plenty more asleep or dicing for drinks in the wings.

Here's some examples.

About eighteen months ago the Middlesex County Council announced that it had acquired 306 acres of Denham Court Estate in Bucks for £42,000. But behind that announcement there are these facts. Months earlier the owner, a Mrs. Swithenbank, had offered the Bucks County Council 205 acres of the estate for only £11,000.

Because of her interest in the Green Belt and the preservation of Denham Village, she also offered (if the L.C.C. and the other authorities would Green-Belt the land) a share of the costs up to £3,750 out of her own pocket towards that actual purchase figure of £11,000.

All she asked was something definite from the councils about that offer, some authoritative statement, and she would withdraw the land from the open market. The Bucks and Middlesex Councils met and conferred, *and then deferred the whole proposition.*

A month later the estate was sold by auction to a development company for £38,000. There was a certain amount of local outcry, and, presumably, some panic in the council chambers, for a week or two later the Middlesex Council stepped in and persuaded the purchaser to resell for £42,000.

So the land was got at last for the Green Belt, but through council vacillation and delay at a cost of thousands of pounds more than it need have been.

At this moment there is a large estate in Kent. Across the plan of that estate there runs a proposed by-pass road. At one edge of it are some woods, and an official of one of the three councils who hold power in this area recently let it be known that they hoped to acquire these woods as a public open space.

Note well that there are thus two portions of this estate for which public money will be required.

A year ago the owner at the time (who we will call owner "A") offered the authorities land for these purposes at any fair and reasonable price. Again, endless delay and no definite reply. The offer was submitted, incidentally, by a great and reputable firm of London estate agents, and we have seen the correspondence relating to the matter, a long, patient chain of it.

Owner "A" did not care to wait indefinitely, so he sold the estate *en bloc* to owner "B." He repeated the previous owner's offer. This time the amount asked had increased a bit—sufficient to cover "B's" interest charges on the capital represented in that land and other outgoings. Still no definite reply.

So "B" now is selling the land in parcels for building development at an excellent profit on his original price. "Why not?" he says. "I've got to live, I've got to release my locked-up money. I can't wait for ever for the councils to move."

A dozen, a score, of people may buy the land through which the by-pass will run or that "open space" be made. Of course, when the councils decide to move they may "compulsorily acquire." But they will have to pay a fair price to the owners.

And what will that "fair price" be? It will include "A's" profit from "B"; "B's" profit from *his* buyers, and their profit and compensation from the councils. In addition, instead of dealing with one man the councils must deal with many, each with separate legal charges and other outgoings.

So leaving out of it any individual attempts to profiteer, the councils raise the cost of the land they need against themselves. In that way land worth, say, £100 an acre when first offered rises through sellings, resellings, interests and costs to perhaps £300 or £400 an acre in a few months.

Delay, muddle, lack of any single co-ordination, lack of any legal power to nail down what they want, has been a common feature of the councils' efforts in Green Belt land-buying. It is a great tribute to the vigilance of Richard Coppock and others of the L.C.C. who have supervised the spending of the £2,000,000 that there is very little evidence of deliberate or direct profiteering by individuals.

Where there has been waste it has been in the directions and through the causes we mention.

The marvel is that so much land has been acquired when it is remembered that it has had to be bought through about 100 different councils, each tinpot lord of its domain, each with its many separate interests, jealousies and ambitions.

You get one council which does not want to Green-Belt any land at all, because it wants to encourage the erection of houses to help its rates.

Another gleefully dives into the L.C.C.'s £2,000,000 for help to buy land. It buys land, green enough,

us Belt DDLES

Their playing field a street, when it might be in the green belt

certainly, but in a place which has no relation to the outline of the Green Belt plan.

Another won't combine with a neighbour to acquire an ideal border stretch of land because of jealousies or long-standing grievances about such things as trams or street lighting. So land is lost and the great plan is lost.

There are plenty more cases to show how the *money* is lost.

The councils have powers under the Planning Acts to schedule land in their areas—sterilise it for building purposes. But many do not bother to do so until too late, and then they have to pay heavily with ratepayers' money to get it clear again.

As in one case not long ago when a builder came along, bought the land, laid it out for building, and put down roads. When the council woke up it had to pay him his costs, outlay and even "loss of profit" on his potential houses. So the land cost it much more than if it had acted in the beginning.

In an outlying London area the extension of transport has doubled land values in four years. There is Green Belt land there, and though the transport development has been taking place under the council's nose it has not bothered to schedule this land.

By doing so (since no building could take place on it), the price might have been kept down. As it is the land has been bought and sold several times at ever-increasing figures, and now the council has to pay.

The system of allowing crowds of local authorities to exercise sovereign sway for all open space purchases in their districts has led to some undoubted abuses and waste.

For example, during the recent progress of the Green Belt plan it has frequently been stated by L.C.C. spokesmen that no indications of "earmarked" acquirements would be made—so as to discourage attempts at profiteering. That, of course, is obvious and reasonable.

But we have had evidence how this sensible course can be defeated by local authorities themselves.

Here, in brief, is one actual instance from a London area.

A builder went into the council offices. He said: "I am thinking of buying such and such an area of land for development. Will you tell me whether it is scheduled or not?' "Oh, yes," replied the official, "it certainly is." "Then," said the builder, indicating an area on 'he opposite side of the map, "what about this?" "That, too," was the reply. Very obligingly the official then pointed out others. "This is also scheduled. *That* and *that* are 'provisionally scheduled.'"

Now, by a simple process of elimination, and with some knowledge of the suitability of those areas and the local housing situation, it did not need much intelligence to guess the locality of the Green Belt area.

That kind of thing must happen several times. And from it follow inflated "sales" at bogus prices between one individual and another and fat demands for compensation when eventually the council starts its actual purchasing.

In the provinces, with fewer councils than London covering their Green Belt areas, there will be less danger of many of these abuses we have mentioned, less still if they profit from London's many mistakes.

But, with the exception of Sheffield, which seems to be getting well on with its Green Belt plans, the record of the others is a sorry spectacle of apathy and muddle.

Liverpool, for instance. On the south side (the wealthiest part) about three-quarters of the city's parks are situated. The north side (the poorest part) is an ever extending forest of brick and slate. No attempt has been made to bring green spaces round to the north side. Those who want it and can afford to travel must go across the city to the other side.

Manchester is in a like position. The wealthier residents live on the south side within easy reach of miles of countryside. But on the crowded north side there is nothing except Phillips Park, unless they can afford tram rides to the Pennines.

Beyond this north side and within easy reach there were many beauty spots even a year or two ago which disappeared under a rash of brickfields and factories. Steadily, the tide of factories and houses flows out and the poorer workers are left farther and farther away from any green space.

Liverpool had a natural Green Belt stretching from Hale, with its flower farms, through Lord Salisbury's fine beechwoods at Childwall, Croxteth Park to Ince Blundell.

But Hale and its flower farms has been recently sold for "development" and barring the beechwoods, Lord Salisbury's estate is disappearing under suburb; footpaths to the green through the other areas have been closed.

The corporation has done its own share in closing footpaths to the fresh air, and but, perhaps, for the recent action of the Liverpool Ramblers' Association, it would have got away with banning its citizens from the very estates their money had bought.

Round Manchester the Clough Nature Sanctuary had to be bought by the National Trust on public subscription. Tree-felling and other preludes to "development" in the Bollin Valley had already commenced.

Elsewhere the builders' stakes are being driven into the ground of many other beauty spots farther afield, soon to link up with, and meet, the advancing city limits.

How long will such natural Green Belts round the Lancashire and Yorkshire mill and mining towns like Haigh Woods, Standish and Wrightington Woods, Parbold, Ashurst Beacon, and Carr Mill Dam, endure against the fell hand of the builder and land speculator? Land there goes begging at present, but no move is made to secure it for the people.

There are countless more instances, but these are enough.

What is the remedy? What is the lesson from London's muddle?

Nothing less than single co-ordinated planning of all cities' Green Belt schemes from a central source like a Government department. It should not be left to the hordes of local authorities to get on with these schemes when and how and *if* they please.

Green Belts are not local or parochial affairs. They are national questions influencing wide problems like health, the efficiency of transport, the death toll of the roads.

Local government is a fine thing, but sometimes, and towards some subjects, its defects are magnified into evils and sheer disaster. Green Belts are one of those subjects.

Central planning and buying of Green Belts will wipe out a multitude of those evils which have been made manifest in London.

If it is asked where the money is to come from to buy Manchester, Wigan, or Bradford, a Green Belt, well—it will come from Manchester, Wigan, or Bradford.

It will be deducted at the source from the rate assistance grants which are made to all local authorities by the Exchequer.

They must make up their loss some other way.

This loss need not be great. Given a central department perhaps a way might be found to put State money into the pool for acquiring these open spaces.

And it is not a continually recurring expenditure. A Green Belt once bought stays.

Nor should it be a long job. London has bought forty-eight square miles of Green Belt in a little over two years, working with its present ramshackle and complicated purchase machinery.

And forty-eight square miles is greater than the entire area of many industrial cities.

With a central buying department for Green Belt land we could expect an end to council muddle and delays that keep up land prices; local interests would not affect its actions and judgment; there would be an end to the land profiteer.

There would be no need for them to be hush-hush in their methods of buying, to creep about under hedges with their maps, as L.C.C. surveyors are reported to have done.

A simple Act of Parliament could lay it down that land which has been bought and sold within five years previous is subject to special treatment as to price.

It is suspect. It might even be barred out of Green Belt schemes altogether.

A second clause would enact that no land seller could obtain more than 100 per cent. above his original purchase price from a public body. That 100 per cent. should be quite enough to give a fair profit and cover all his outgoings and capital interest on his land even if it has been lying "dead" for five years.

A good many of London's recent purchases have been several hundreds per cent. above the original purchase price.

In the very nick of time the genius and devotion of a small group of men have managed to salve a few green spots for the Londoner on the edge of his vast plateau of bricks and mortar.

But look at the map of what has been won and see what a muddle it all is.

Let every provincial citizen look at that map, read the lesson in it, and then, before it is too late, get on with his own Green Belt schemes—building well, and sanely, and beautifully, and for ever.

Concluding

JEWEL THIEF CONFESSES

Recorded By

STANLEY BISHOP

My FLUTTER *in* HIGH SOCIETY

Winter sports, riding in the Row — our jewel thief got into Society—for a while—and enjoyed the usual round of pleasure

THERE is no question whatever about this adventure of Blanche Finchley, jewel thief and convict.

She has in her possession correspondence and other documents which prove her amazing story.

Involved in the business with her—quite innocently, of course—was a woman of distinguished name and title: a figure in the Society life of London.

For Blanche Finchley, during an affluent period of her career, aspired to be presented at Court. Indeed, she might have been—probably would have been—but for the intervention of the police.

It all happened not so many years ago. Blanche was living in London, renting a Mayfair flat, under another name.

She was doing herself really well, for she had more than £2,000 in an Oxford Street bank, the proceeds of stolen property gathered in Harrogate and Biarritz. She was a member of a reputable women's club in the West End; used a hired motor-car and chauffeur, and was riding regularly each morning in Rotten Row. She was a young woman of leisure and means.

An advertisement appeared in a London daily newspaper to the effect that a peeress, who was introducing her two daughters to Society, would be prepared to act as chaperon to a third eligible young woman of good family. A box-number address was given.

Blanche answered the advertisement. It provided just the opportunity she wanted.

In due course she went to an interview with the peeress—her name, if I dared give it, would astonish readers.

She impressed, as she always would do in circumstances requiring daring and an innocently brazen face. The account she gave of herself—her Norfolk family ancestry, father and mother both dying when she was young, and her life afterwards with an aunt in America, until she came of age and inherited the full use of her property—was accepted without question.

The main essential to the peeress professional chaperon was a banker's reference. That was quite satisfactory.

Quickly the transaction came down to a money basis.

"I was to pay her 800 guineas for her introductions and social guidance," said Blanche Finchley, in telling me about this extraordinary business. "Five hundred guineas spot cash and the balance after my presentation at Court. She assured me that she could arrange a presentation for me without difficulty.

"Also, she asked me if I was looking for a husband, and suggested that another commission would be expected—amount to be arranged later, according to prospective husband—if I became engaged to marry through any introduction from her.

"Before I left her house after our second interview, I paid my cheque for 500 guineas, and was accepted as a débutante. Fancy me, a jail-bird, crashing into Society upon the ægis of a peeress on a 'cash - for - services - rendered' arrangement!

"Formally I 'came out.' A party was given for me at the house, and afterwards I received all kinds of invitations. I will say that the woman did her best for me.

"She treated me exactly as she did her two daughters. Wherever they went I went. I pride myself that I carried myself off well, and that nobody doubted my good faith—then.

"Later my official chaperon asked for the remaining 300 guineas. She explained that expenses with regard to her daughters were heavier than she anticipated. She assured me that my Court presentation would offer no difficulties, so I gave her the balance of the agreed fee."

During all this time Blanche Finchley was spending extravagantly. Her £2,000 in the bank just melted away. Her account was overdrawn, and ready money became a problem.

To get it she broke away from her regular line of theft, and committed a foolish, outrageous fraud on two women living in Sloane Street, London.

Really, it was a silly affair which could not escape unnoticed. The women, when they realised how they were victimised, went to the police station at Gerald Road. The case was turned over to a detective-sergeant, who is now a distinguished figure at Scotland Yard.

Within two weeks Blanche Finchley was under arrest, and back again in Holloway Prison awaiting trial. Her glorious life of pretence was shattered. At the London Sessions, when, after conviction, her previous offences were made known, she was sentenced to hard labour.

Looking back on that hectic period, Blanche Finchley still thinks that her expenditure on the peeress was worth while. "At least," she says, "I did some charitable good to a poor and honest family. But I do regret very much indeed that the presentation to Court was not managed. I believe it would have been if disaster had not overtaken me."

What the peeress thought of her fee-paying protégée is, unfortunately, not on record. The association between the two was hidden most successfully in the court proceedings, and nothing came out as to the prisoner's débutante aspirations, although a description was given from the witness-box of some of her colourful activities. "Bewitching Margaret" she was headlined in an evening newspaper.

To continue this article, we will accompany Blanche Finchley on her travels again, when she performed a piece of robbery on the high seas, and behaved most discreditably to two men, whom she "vamped" to bad purpose.

Eight times in all Blanche Finchley has made the Atlantic crossing to and from the United States. She has travelled by British, German, French and Italian lines. She counts herself as an experienced voyager, knowing the ways of ships.

In this particular adventure she was a passenger in a famous British luxury liner out of Southampton for New York. The men with whom she became acquainted were both army officers, the first a wealthy retired English major of war-time service, and the other an American returning home at the end of some official mission in Paris.

Both men, according to Blanche Finchley, paid her considerable attention on the voyage, and she played them with her feminine cleverness good and hard. She would be at any time an interesting and amusing companion.

Then, ten years ago, she, in the late twenties, was at her attractive best. She had two wardrobe trunks full of fine clothes and was keen-eyed for victims.

Having some small experience, I can imagine how quickly these shipboard friendships developed, and judge the stage they reached.

"I liked the American the better of the two," says Blanche. "I felt that his intentions were easier to curb than those of the Englishman. The latter was rather too possessive. Each man was unmarried; the Englishman being a

(*Continued on page 24*)

Strawberries in the flush of June, when they're at their soft, succulent ripest — that's the strawberry flavour Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles bring you. They bring raspberry, too — lime, gooseberry, lemon, tangerine, apricot, blackcurrant!

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FRUIT CLEAR GUMS *are hard* — 2D TUBES

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And if you like soft confectionery try 'JUICY-FRUITS' in packets or loose 6d. ¼ lb. — 6D PACKETS

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The best part of gardening is the

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

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6½d. BOTTLE MAKES 24 TUMBLERS

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My husband and I feel we owe grateful thanks to you."

MRS. F..... C....., West Molesey, whose letter may be seen at Nestlé's London Office.

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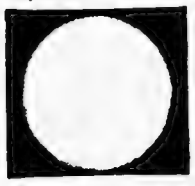

2. *And this is the fine soft curd formed by Nestlé's Milk. Light, small flakes, easily and rapidly digested. All the cream and goodness of rich farm milk developed into sturdy flesh and bone—without any trouble at all.*

LARGE SIZE $7\frac{1}{2}^{D}$ ★ SMALL SIZE 4^{D}

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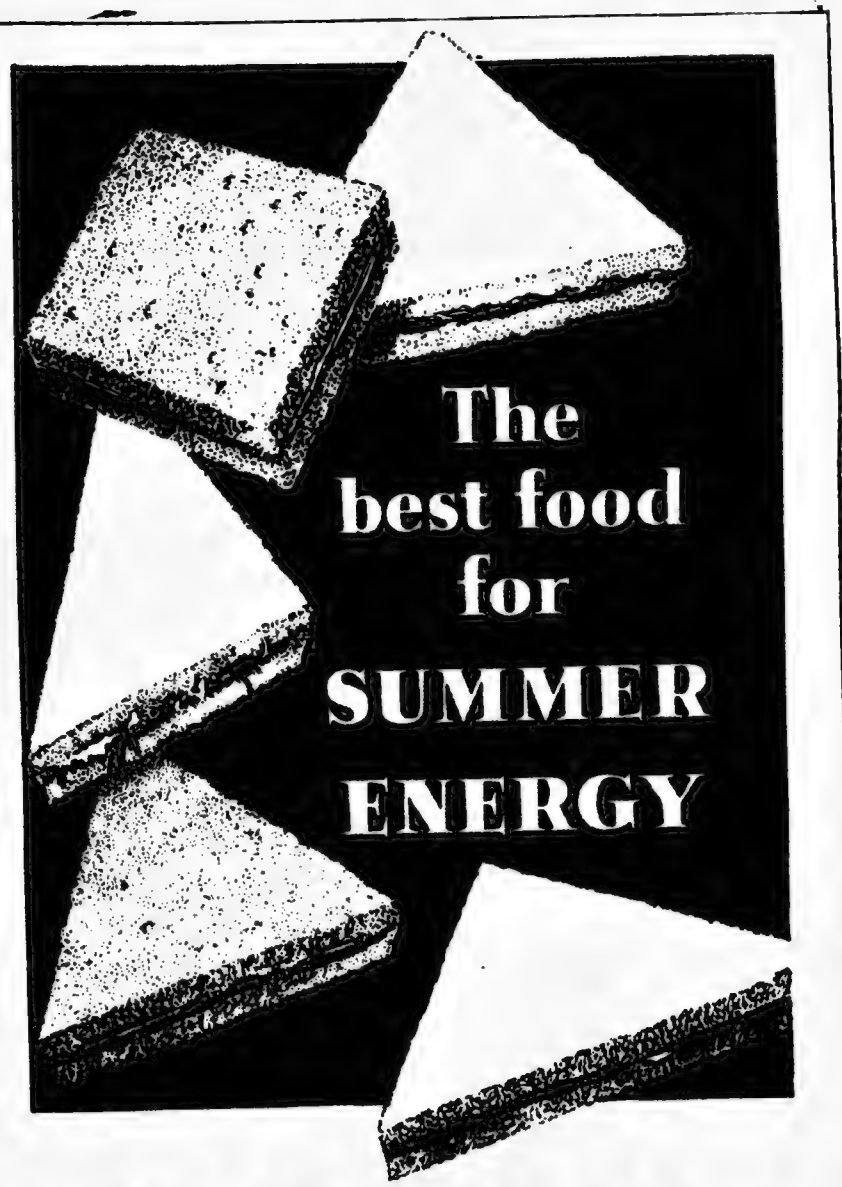


SANDWICHES

With the endless variety of fillings for sandwiches you may choose nowadays, a picnic can be as bounteous as a banquet and really a great deal better-balanced than many a four-course meal. One of the great advantages of bread is that it "goes well" with so many other foodstuffs and that it enables you to derive more nourishment from the other foods you eat with it.

Eat plenty of

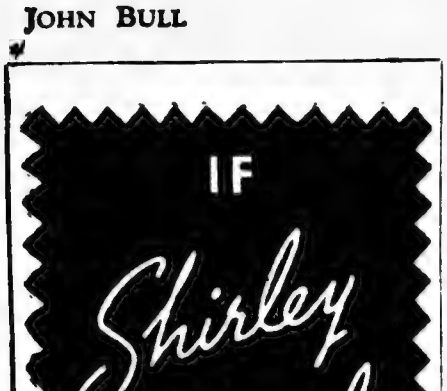
BREAD FOR ENERGY

C.F.H.304

IF
Shirley Temple
CAME TO VISIT YOU

Star of "DIMPLES"
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

WHAT A JOY she'd be to love and look after. What a little bundle of energy she is. Shirley finds fun in everything she does.



SHE NEEDS nourishing foods. And, you'd want to give her the things she likes best. "Puffed" Wheat is one of them.

SHIRLEY LOVES the plump, toasty grains of "Puffed" Wheat. It's her favourite cereal. Try it. You'll love it too.

PUFFED WHEAT
TRY 'PUFFED' RICE TOO!

P. 129

Jewel Thief Confesses

(Continued from page 22)

widower—or so he said. The American was undoubtedly a bachelor.

"They gave me some really fine parties. There was competition between them as to who would do the most for me. I decided that they were fair game, and I could get probably something substantial from them before landing at New York.

"My Englishman had two large, single-stone diamond rings which he wore on occasions. He told me that he always carried those rings because they were an easily realisable and valuable asset to anyone travelling.

"He could always raise money on them anywhere if he exhausted his letters of credit and needed funds in a hurry.

"In my experience I have found quite a number of men do that—carry diamonds as a kind of emergency bank. With this particular man that may have been a true explanation for his having the jewellery, or just an excuse for wearing two ostentatious diamonds, which one would not expect with a British army officer.

"Anyhow, I resolved to get the rings from him if an opportunity served *on the last morning of the voyage*. Aboard a ship, the best time to go thieving—and I know—is just before the arrival at a port. The bustle of departure, the excitement of watching the arrival of the pilot and the port officials, provide cover for quite a lot of things.

"Also, if people miss things then they imagine they may have packed them in their luggage. Further, the ship's officers and staff are too busy to listen much to enquiries about articles which 'I think I left in my cabin, but which are not there now.'"

Observe from those remarks how carefully Blanche Finchley absorbs the background for her dishonest attempts. Not much escapes her notice.

Here is another example of her shrewd common sense. One morning she was passing the cabin of the American, which looked out on the promenade deck. He saw her through the open window and called to her to come in and have coffee with him.

At that visit she noticed that he owned three pocket wallets. The cabin wardrobe was open, and she saw the three leather cases lying on a compartment.

"One thing," said Blanche to me in telling the story, "I always remember. If a man has several wallets you can bank on the slimmest one containing his money in notes.

"A thick wallet invariably holds private papers of no outside value—letters which the man does not want to destroy for sentimental reasons." Which, when you think of it, is sound logic.

The Greatest of These . .

HORACE'S ex-Service father, who was gassed on the day he was taken prisoner of war, has had to drink a cup of bitter woe to the very dregs. Between 1930 and 1935 he was unemployed with the exception of eighteen weeks.

"But the worst blow of all fell," he says, "when I was taken ill with my throat in 1935. I was X-rayed and found to be suffering from tubercular larynx, and was therefore forced to leave home and enter the sanatorium, which I did in June, 1935, but was discharged four months later as incurable. The doctor told my wife it was only a matter of time, and they could do no more for me."

The British Legion has tried to get him a pension, but has failed.

His troubles do not end with his own sufferings. One of his four children, a daughter aged fifteen, cannot work as she is afflicted with chorea. Another girl, aged ten, has to undergo an operation on her tonsils, and five-year-old Horace has just undergone an operation for hernia.

"I know," says Horace's father, "that the end is not far off, so you must realise what I feel like when I think of all the debt that has slowly mounted up this last seven years, and that that is all I can leave behind for my wife and four children."

The doctor states that he has always been considerate for his wife and family.

Donations earmarked "Horace," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

KING OF SMUGGLERS

Capt. Wylie

A DREAM of most editors has been to present a real-life Captain Kettle to his readers.

And now JOHN BULL has found one in Captain William Wylie, master mariner in the British Mercantile Marine.

A placid interview in a London hotel in 1933 began four years of almost incredible adventures in command of the most famous smuggling schooner in the world, among the toughest, roughest, bravest men.

Now, with his ship under arrest and his crew in jail awaiting trial, he has written the story of those four years, a story which, although fact and not fiction, vies with anything Conrad or Jack London ever wrote.

It is not ancient history. It is contemporary history for which the world is waiting, and it begins, exclusive to this paper and from the pen of Captain Wylie himself, in next week's JOHN BULL.

Last day of the voyage and the ship due to dock before noon. Miss Finchley—for all she was not in her cabin after the previous night's farewell entertainments until three a.m.—was up early, looking as fresh as paint and feeling all keyed up for the work ahead.

Her packing was done; luggage ready for the shore. Overnight she dined with her English admirer, whom she left finally in the smoke-room settling down for cards.

Neither of her friends was likely to be in a particularly alert condition. The final night of a voyage can be very, very strenuous in more ways than one. Blanche reckoned the men would both be a little flurried and forgetful.

So she set about work in this way: Her cabin was on the same alleyway as that of the American. She knew about the time the American would be taking his bath. And she argued that the morning bath after that night before would be a prolonged affair.

Ringing for the cabin steward, she sent him along to the American's cabin with the message, "Would Major —— please meet her in the main lounge?" As she expected, the steward came back to say that the major was in his bath.

Easy then for her, when the steward was on another errand, to slip along to the vacant, unlocked cabin.

The American officer's clothes—he was to wear uniform for going ashore and reporting his return—were laid out across the back of a chair.

"I ran my hands over his tunic. In the left breast pocket were two wallets. I looked at them both. One held English money in Bank notes, and the other American notes. I took the wallet with the English money, and some of the American notes out of the other wallet. I did not want the American to discover he had lost *all* his ready money.

"I reckoned he would not miss the English money at first. Within five minutes I was back in my own cabin, ringing for the steward again to ask him some unnecessary question, just to show him *I was in my cabin*.

"Well, I had managed one of my intended jobs. I did not know then how much I had gained. When I was free to examine the wallet I found it contained five £100 Bank of England notes, six £10 notes, and four £5 notes. There were in addition the three 100 American dollar bills from the other wallet.

"Before long I received a message from the Englishman to the effect that he was up, would I be so good as to go to his cabin and help him pack.

"Off I went, wondering what luck now. The man was shaky and in a muddle with his things. The steward and I sorted them out for him and stowed them in the trunks.

"The two rings were on the corner of the shelf above the wash-basin. I said nothing about them. Soon the man suggested we should have a bottle of champagne together. He declared he needed it.

"He was going to send the steward for the wine, but I persuaded him it would be better for us to go to the after smoke-room, which was within easy reach of his cabin. He agreed. The steward went off to attend to another passenger.

"We left the cabin with the rings lying on the shelf. In the smoke-room I made an excuse to leave him for a minute while the wine was brought.

"All so easy! I was back with him drinking his champagne, with his rings inside my dress. I was quite satisfied that even if he subsequently suspected me, he had no real evidence of linking me with the loss of his rings.

"Later, just before going ashore, he came to me and asked if I remembered if he was wearing his rings while we were drinking in the smoke-room.

"I told him that I could not say, but I did not think so. He said 'I thought I left them in the cabin. I cannot find them now.' I suggested that they must have been packed.

"To both those men, I gave the hotel address in New York at which I was staying. The American telephoned me and we dined together that night.

"He told me then about the loss of his wallet with the English money. He thought he must have lost it the night before in the smoke-room.

"Several times after that I went out with the American; I fancy he liked me rather. The Englishman also telephoned me, with an invitation to a meal, but I did not meet him.

Blanche Finchley remained in New York for a fortnight. Then she went to Niagara; journeyed east through Canada to Quebec, and returned to Liverpool, England, from there.

She did not venture the changing of her stolen money until back in England. The £100 notes she cashed through hotels in the North and Scotland.

Her profitable piracy on the high seas was successfully, safely terminated when she sold the diamond rings to a London receiver for £110.

"Which," she complains, "was about a fifth the value of the stones alone. Those receivers always twist you."

A GRAND DISPLAY!

There'll be a grand display of enthusiasm for meals if you put some Pan Yan on the table — the family will just rush for their places! Hot joints, cold joints, fish or cheese . . . whatever joints, cold joints, fish or cheese . . . whatever it is it will taste better with Pan Yan! And because it's blended to stimulate digestive action, Pan Yan helps you get more nourishment from your food.

PAN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

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With apologies to GRACIE FIELDS

"Tha's reet laad!

They must be

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A GRAND TONIC

Restores Youthful VIGOUR

'LIVE' Yeast is LIFE....

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... PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST is a GRAND TONIC and PICK-ME-UP. It safely and surely restores VITALITY and VIGOUR to both men and women, thereby prolonging the JOY OF LIFE.

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Family Size 3/-.. Vest Pocket Size 6d.

Perfectly Safe .... Not a Patent Medicine.

From all Chemists. Make no mistake—Always ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST by name and make sure you get the REAL THING...

Phillips TONIC YEAST is LIFE ITSELF!

"SWIMMING WEATHER"

says OLD HETHERS

"And that means a rush on my barley water—but I'm quite ready for it. In fact this year I'm better supplied than ever—I can offer a choice of lemon or lime barley water. Both of course are made to my recipe, from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, and both cost you 1/9 the bottle. And if you want to make sure of the same long good drink at home, make sure that my photograph is on the seal of the bottle—you can't mistake that!"

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LEMON OR LIME

BARLEY WATER

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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You're lovely with shining hair...

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But you need never have a shiny nose again! You can play strenuous games, stay in the sun for hours and still look fresh and lovely! The secret is to use Snowfire Powder-Cream and give your skin a *lasting* matt' finish. Choose Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle and Ivory shades to suit your colouring.

Never have a shiny nose — use

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These prices do not apply in I.F.S.

"GIRLS!

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO BE SMARTLY DRESSED AND LOOK ATTRACTIVE IF YOU ARE CARELESS WITH YOUR FOOTWEAR

BUY GOOD, SOUND SHOES & KEEP THEM SMART BY POLISHING THEM EVERY MORNING WITH—

Cherry Blossom BOOT POLISH

It only takes a minute and keeps them looking their best

The expert faker of furniture can see his worthless products auctioned for thousands

The SAW AND GLUEPOT SWINDLER

WITH Great Britain thronged with visitors from overseas, the ignoble company of antique fakers is banking on a successful season.

Unless warned in time, wealthy visitors from the United States, the colonies, and the Continent will pay fantastic prices for collectors' "pieces" which will prove eventually to be anything but antique.

For months past the antique fakers have been working at high pressure to produce specimens of the work of Sheraton, Chippendale and the rest.

Already these bogus antiques are being placed in position in attractive shops at the show-place towns of England.

There are many show-place towns in the country where the fakers hope to reap a rich harvest from visitors.

It is not suggested that there are not thoroughly reputable and reliable dealers in these towns, but our concern is to warn the public against the unscrupulous dealers and agents who work in close co-operation with the fakers of antiques.

The fact is that the casual buyer of antiques, although he may pride himself on his knowledge of "a good bit of stuff when he sees it," is too often at the mercy of the art crooks who know every trick in the game.

Most collectors are at a great disadvantage in dealing with these fakers, who often prove clever enough to deceive accredited dealers and art experts. There have been numerous instances where even museums have been induced to buy fakes.

In a London museum there were two pieces of "Chippendale" which were bought by the authorities in good faith as representing two of the finest specimens in existence. Too late it was found that these show pieces had been carved less than twenty years ago!

Most antique fakers are masters with the saw and gluepot. Not long ago a wine table, originally bought by an antique faker for £10, was "carved up" to represent a genuine Chippendale piece. This was later sold to an American industrial magnate for one hundred guineas.

There is in a provincial town a family which has for a score of years made a livelihood—and a prosperous one—by "carving up" old furniture to represent antiques for the benefit of unscrupulous dealers who have in turn resold them to the art-collecting public, often for colossal sums.

In our possession there is a "confession" from a faker who boasts of thirty years' experience in the trade. This man prides himself on the fact that he has reproduced furniture of all periods. His "masterpieces" have ranged from coffin stools and panelled rooms to Grinling Gibbons carvings.

When a well-known peer died, this craftsman attended the subsequent sale of furniture and effects, and recognised one piece as his own work. It was sold to an American buyer for a thousand guineas! Actually it had cost £35.

The faker, by the way, always conceals a secret identification mark somewhere on his work.

Faking has become a well and cleverly organised industry which is not confined to furniture.

There are artists with studios in London and Paris who specialise in the production of fake "old masters" dating from the fourteenth century onwards, according to market demands.

One young man well known in Chelsea, who wears a flowing tie, a sombrero and a charming smile, boasts that he makes at least £5,000 a year by creating masterpieces.

His methods are simple. He tours the country in a car and buys old paintings which, to use his own words, "seem capable of treatment."

These pictures are bought for a few shillings or a few pounds. Arriving back at his studio, this young artist begins work on his "treasures."

By skilful re-touching and re-treating of the canvases by cunningly applied chemicals, colour and manufactured dust, a painting emerges which bears all the "evidence" of being an old master.

Such "treasures" are not rushed on to the market, but are carefully planted. One of them may be carefully placed in a dealer's shop in the provinces. A few days later a friend of the faker calls at the shop and buys the painting at the cost of a few pounds.

The deal completed, the buyer, maybe in the lounge of the local hotel, begins to talk of his "find." Soon afterwards paragraphs begin to appear in local newspapers telling of the discovery of an old master in a local shop.

Within a few weeks the "mug" collectors are nibbling at the bait, and clever salesmanship secures the sale of yet another masterpiece for hundreds of guineas.

A month ago a painting was sold to an art collector for £500. Six weeks earlier it had been bought at a country house sale for £15—after which it had been suitably "treated."

Another profitable sideline for the faker is the manufacture of "ancestors" for the American market. The method of this ramp is ingenious.

Contact is made with wealthy Americans whose ancestors went over in the *Mayflower* or soon after. They are told of the discovery in a town with which the family is linked of an old painting which is undoubtedly that of an ancestor.

The victim on the other side of the Atlantic is interested and flattered, and is eventually persuaded to buy a faked picture at an excessive price.

Even when the buyer later realises that he has been tricked he will seldom admit it, and consoles himself with the thought that the painting, even though it is a fake, looks rather well on the wall above the fireplace in the dining-room.

From faked furniture and faked paintings to faked china is but a short step. There are at least two small factories on the Continent where Old English Worcester Ware, Spode, Crown Derby, and Sèvres are manufactured in large quantities.

These china fakes are shipped to agents throughout the world, and many a collector has spurious pieces of old china taking pride of place among his most valued "treasures."

Sporting prints, armour, ivory and old silver are but a few of the things which are faked and sold to unwary collectors often at fabulous prices.

Even now a gang which specialises in the disposal of faked old masters and antique furniture is planning to rent several impressive country mansions as a background for their schemes.

These houses will be "dressed" with art treasures from the fakers' store. Wealthy visitors to this country will be invited to view these masterpieces as an act of courtesy.

No blatant attempt will be made to sell until the visitor shows interest in any particular piece. Then the apparent owner of the mansion, after a preliminary show of reluctance, will agree to sell if the price offered is sufficiently attractive.

No trick of the fake trade is unknown to members of this gang of art "experts," who plan to make huge profits during the next few months by unloading dubious "art treasures" on the unwary.

Carefree Holidays

A last look round, then the front door is closed and the happy people depart for a fortnight's holiday by the sea. Their minds are free from worry because, as registered readers, they know that JOHN BULL'S Free Family Insurance Gift will stand guard over their home while they are away.

Registered Readers will continue to enjoy the full protection of JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man if they can show that they bought JOHN BULL while away, and that before leaving home they instructed their newsagent to resume regular delivery immediately upon their return. See the forms on page 38 now, and ensure a carefree holiday.

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FREE OFFER. Send to Dept. 67/113 Bethnal Rd., Bank Street, London, W.1, for a free 7-day trial sample.

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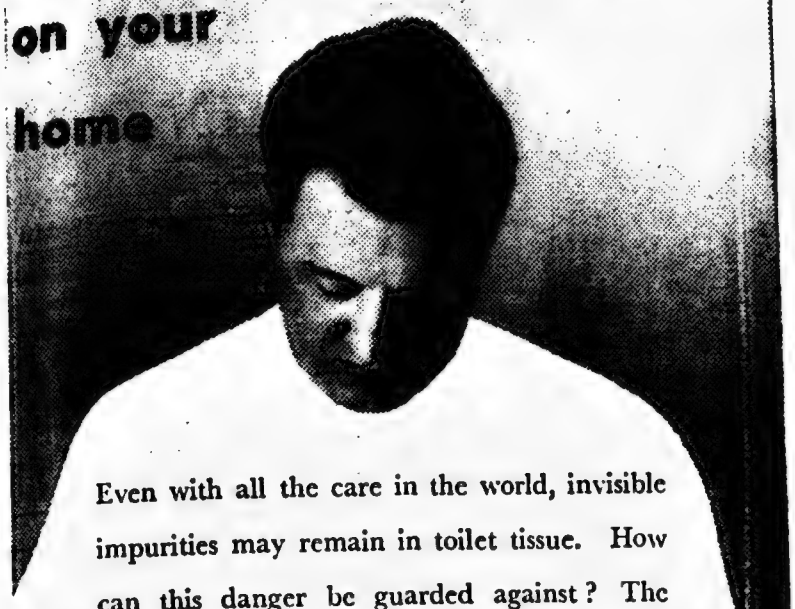

Even with all the care in the world, invisible impurities may remain in toilet tissue. How can this danger be guarded against? The answer is in Izal toilet paper—every soft, smooth sheet is impregnated with Izal Germicide. Be sure the paper in your house offers this hygienic cleanliness. Ask for Izal paper *always*.

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FREE DRESS PATTERNS AND EMBROIDERY TRANSFERS *are sent in exchange for Robin Starch carton tops. Write to Reckitt & Sons Limited, Department 144, Hull, for free copy of pattern book, "Notions for your Needle" (1937).*

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TOP MILL SNUFF
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This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 274, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

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SANGRAL the soluble fertiliser adds life-giving organic nitrogen to your soil in 6 hours. In 10 days you'll be astounded at the difference in flowers, fruit, vegetables, tomatoes and lawns. Sangral is easy to apply, economical, and above all 100% SAFE, it cannot harm or "burn" any plant or seedling, because it contains no chemicals whatever. No matter how poor your soil, Sangral will make it rich and productive in a few days. Make a ten-day test this week. ROSES, particularly need Sangral NOW. Feed all your plants with

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TRAPPED!

IN A BLAZING TRAIN

"I could not help screaming out with pain"

● *Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 147, 942, Mr. A. B. Paterson, 315, Paisley Road, Glasgow, C. 5.*

WHAT makes life so interesting is the unexpectedness of the future. Certain things happen to-day that make you certain what will transpire on the morrow.

You go to bed confident that you are going to do such and such a thing, but in the morning something quite unexpected happens that might change the whole course of your life.

Take me in 1913. I was in my early twenties. For several years I had tried to get a job abroad. I applied everywhere without success. But one day my efforts were rewarded.

A letter from a large tobacco combine told me that I had been appointed, subject to the completion of certain formalities, to one of their overseas branches.

The night before I was to leave my native Glasgow for Southampton I was convinced that I was set for life.

I was seen off by a party of relatives and friends who wished me God-speed and good luck in my new venture.

When the excitement of the farewell had faded and I was settled in the carriage, I found that I had three travelling companions. All of these were young like myself, and being likeable fellows the long journey to London promised to be pleasant.

❁❁❁❁ Soon after the train had passed Carlisle I was overcome with drowsiness and dozed off to sleep. How long I had slept before I was awakened by the voices of my companions, I don't know.

"There seems to be something wrong," I heard one of them say.

Opening my eyes, I saw that the train was stationary.

The sound of engine whistles disturbed the quiet of the night.

And in the second or so that ensued it seemed to me that the very atmosphere was charged with sinister foreboding.

Perhaps that was why, when the crash came, I was not unduly shocked. I was sitting with my back to the engine in the corner opposite the corridor, and when the collision occurred I was thrown forward on the other seat. The first crash was followed almost immediately by another which crushed the two seats together.

It all happened so quickly that I had scarcely time to think. When I did gather my wits my ears were filled with the agonised screams of the injured and dying, the hissing steam and cracking wood.

I discovered to my horror that my right leg was wedged between the seats. It had been caught at the top of the thigh and was held so tightly that it was impossible for me to free myself.

As far as I remember, I was not conscious of any pain. This was probably due to the great shock of the smash. The men who were with me were not in sight, for the lights had gone out and everything was pitch black.

❁❁❁❁ While I was struggling to free myself, I was horrified to see the corridor light up with flames. With this came the awful thought that, since I was hopelessly trapped, it was impossible for me to escape being roasted alive.

With the flames came frenzied screams.

In the carriage next to me were four children. They had been screaming incessantly, and the sound of their voices more than once tempted me to surrender what was left of my reason.

I cannot express in words my feelings when I felt their tiny hands clawing at my foot. All I can say is that I was like a mad animal that had been caught in a trap. I twisted and turned frantically.

Meanwhile, the fire was getting worse. It was now blazing near to where I was trapped, and I could feel its heat on my imprisoned leg.

Outside, I could hear the excited voices of a rescue party. They had, I presumed, saved the kiddies, for their screaming had ceased.

As I struggled, I felt myself growing weaker and weaker. The heat on my leg was getting unbearable. By this time, I was resigned to die, and I prayed desperately hard that I should be allowed to pass out quickly.

After what seemed to be an eternity, I heard the rescue party's axes out[side] of my carriage. To facilitate them, [I] called out instructions that would he[lp] them to get at me quickly.

The sound of their hacking was [like] music in my ears, but, with the flame[s] creeping nearer and nearer, it seemed that their efforts would be in vain.

At last, they made a hole.

"Where are you?" one of the p[ar]ty shouted.

"Down here," I cried, whereupon eager hands came forward and grabbed me. With them came light, and [jets] from fire extinguishers.

They tugged and pulled me every [way] in their efforts to free me, but it was [all] to no avail. By this time the flames were actually burning my foot, and I could not help screaming out with pain.

"It's no good," somebody said. "We shall never get the poor devil out of [here]."

❁❁❁❁ These words that sealed my doom so terrified me that I became like a madman who [was] insensible to pain. Possessed now with superhuman strength, I pulled at my leg for all the world as if I were intent on severing it from its socket.

Seeing me in such a frenzied state inspired the men to renew their efforts, and just as I was on the verge of fainting they pulled me clear.

The cool evening air revived me, and later, as I gazed up to the starry heaven, I uttered a prayer of thankfulness, after which I sank into a state of unconsciousness.

When I reached hospital some time later, it was found that my leg was charred black. The skin was like parchment, and the toes had been burnt nearly to the bone.

At first it was thought that the leg would have to be amputated. Fortunately, however, this course was not pursued. Instead, they grafted new skin, on, and after weeks in hospital it was found that I had made astounding progress.

My greatest thrill came on a certain clear December day when, with the aid of a pair of sticks, I walked the length of the street in which I lived. The discovery that I could again use my legs after I had believed that I should be crippled for life, filled me with infinite joy.

In conclusion, I might add that the accident occurred on a gradient at Aigill, between Hawes Junction and Kirkby Stephen—a wild, desolate moorland. Our train had stopped, owing to the lack of steam; the express from Edinburgh crashed into its rear.

Six people lost their lives, and scores more were injured.

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When you taste SANDEMAN Port and Sherry, you know instinctively it is good. You need not be an expert to be sure of the best. Rely on SANDEMAN Wines and you will be safe.

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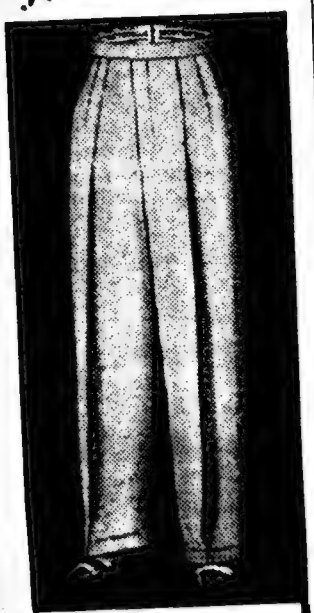

News! Agrippas — the self-supporting trousers with the ventilated tops — now available in 1937's fashionable range of colours. AT NO EXTRA COST. With no reduction in quality. Everywhere the price of Worsted Flannel is being increased, yet Agrippas are still available at **21/-**

In Silver-Grey, Blue-Grey, Grey, Brown, and Fawn.

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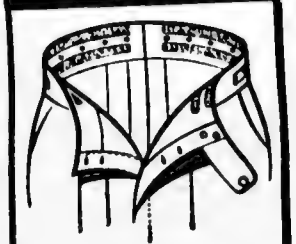

JOURNEYED 3000 MILES FOR OPERATION ...but MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS PUT HIM RIGHT

Read this amazing tribute to MOORLAND Indigestion Tablets

"I have been using your Moorland Brand Tablets for the last two or three months, in fact, ever since I have been in England. My mother has also found them of great help to her. In fact, she has tried every known remedy for indigestion but has found nothing to equal your tablets.

I might mention I have been in the United States for the past twenty-six years, and, during the past three years, I have suffered terribly from stomach pains. I had treatments from doctors there, also had X-rays taken, and to make a long story short came to England to be operated on, but am pleased to say after taking your Moorland Brand Tablets I have not had a pain or ache since, and no operation."— G.R., Norfolk.

Moorland Tablets contain 15 ingredients, all necessary to relieve indigestion at once and gradually remove its cause. These ingredients are essential in everyday diet. Many present-day factory-produced foods are deprived of their natural salts, while the valuable salts of calcium in vegetables are boiled away. Moorland Tablets contain calcium and other essentials to good health. Moorland Tablets bring the system back to good health—appetite returns, over-acidity disappears.

Take two MOORLAND Tablets after meals and eat what you like.

MOORLAND BRAND **INDIGESTION TABLETS**

At all Chemists:

7½d. In cardboard cartons (50 tablets) **1/3** flat pocket tins (110 tablets)

FREE *Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for pocket (or handbag) sample tin and Diet Chart to:*

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Germs Hit Kidneys a Knockout Punch

Scientists have discovered that the true cause of most kidney and bladder troubles is Germs developed in the body during Colds or from Bad Teeth or Tonsils. These germs attack the Kidneys and Bladder and are the real reason for many dangerous symptoms, such as: Getting up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Burning Passages, Frequent Headaches, Dizziness, Puffy Eyelids, Backaches, Loss of Appetite and Vigour.

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Are properly functioning glands the secret of sparkling vitality? Scientists are agreed that decline in power and virility in a man depends on the rate in which energy is "burned up." By stimulating your glands you can "put back the clock" of the years and achieve superabundant virility, tireless energy, and a capacity for going all out in work and play such as you have not experienced for years. DOVIM Rejuvenating Tablets are a marvellous combination of the world's finest and purest glandular extracts with certain precious herbal substances from the East. Their cost is very low. For Test Supply and secret revealing Book (both FREE) use this Coupon.

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Please send Test Supply and 20 page Free Book.

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Although you must clean your teeth regularly, it *can* do as much harm as good! If the paste or powder you use is at all abrasive, you wear away that thin film of enamel which is Nature's only protection against decay.

And there are dentifrices so abrasive that Dentists can tell at a glance what you've been using.

Make sure about your present tooth paste. Compare it with one which dentists recognise as the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day (or send the coupon below for a sample tube free). Put them both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present one seems to have the least sign of grittiness, don't take chances any longer.

It is just because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odol.

Odol can be obtained as Tooth Paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouthwash and Odol Denture Powder.

Odol

Free sample tube. *Post this coupon in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to Cranbux Ltd. (Dept. J.B.11), Norwich, for a free tube of Odol. This applies to Great Britain and Ireland.*

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WHY I USE NEW VEET

1 *New 'Veet'* ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

2 *New 'Veet'* leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without trace of ugly stubble.

3 *New 'Veet'* is a dainty white cream — sweetly scented and pleasant to use.

4 *New 'Veet'* avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 6d. and 1/3

Good Old Days? —BUNK!

Look at the restrictions that "fettered" a girl of the gay nineties—then look at one of our contemporaries; then ask yourself!

WE expect to live ten years longer now than men did when Queen Victoria came to the throne, a hundred years ago this week.

If we live in towns the normal increase in our lives is nearer fifteen years than ten, and there is some comfort in reflecting that our lives are also healthier; that we care more about our neighbours' welfare; that conditions accepted as normal then would be quite inconceivable now.

There is enough in all conscience to explain the lengthening of man's life. If the Victorian ever grew out of his infancy, and in Manchester, for instance, this was fairly exceptional, since 60 per cent. of infants died, he pursued a dreary, sickly life from year's end to year's end, without half-days or holidays, except on Sunday.

There was no proper register of births and deaths kept, but it is estimated that in towns where two children out of thirty die in infancy to-day, two children out of five died in infancy when Victoria came to the throne.

In Bristol half the houses were without water. In Leeds only 70 out of 560 streets had any paving, and there was one, it contained 180 families, which had not even been swept for fifteen years!

Half the inhabitants of Liverpool lived in cellars, and it has been calculated that there were half a million deaths every year, 1 in 25 of the population, which would be saved to-day.

The work that is done now by the London County Council was divided up, when Queen Victoria came to the throne, among 300 different vestries and ward motes containing over 10,000 people who were mostly elected for life and generally by each other.

The drainage system, regulated by a statute of King Henry VIII, had ceased to work in most of the town (the West End was particularly bad), and when it did, it simply shot all the refuse into the Thames, where it was left to drift down with the stream.

The sewers were never cleaned or inspected, there was no State interest in public health, and 700,000 people living in London drank unfiltered water.

Epidemics of cholera, slaying 15,000 at a time in London, and small-pox swept over the country at intervals. Six-year-old children worked 18 hours a day in the mills and the mines, where they were expected to carry half a ton of coal in twelve hours, which is a third as much as a ship's fireman has to handle in 1937.

Life in the country was, in spite of long hours and low wages, not generally very much shorter, although it was considerably harder than it is to-day.

The town worker might earn anything from 10s. a week; the countryman was lucky to get four. But the mortality figures were very much lower.

Country life is still very much healthier than city or industrial life. Where 67 farmers and 68 farm labourers die, the rate among coalminers is 130, and in the tin and copper mines it is as high as 430.

Some people may be surprised to learn that many brain workers have a higher death rate than manual workers.

Speaking generally, to-day the longest lived people are farm bailiffs, farmers and farm labourers, clergymen and gamekeepers. The most dangerous trades are those of the barman, slate mason, cutlery grinder, and tin and copper miner.

ONE hundred years have passed since Victoria came to the Throne; and people still talk of "those good old days." But were they so good?

700,000 Londoners then drank unfiltered water.
Sewers were never inspected.
Epidemics of cholera and small-pox played havoc.
Six-year-old children worked 18 hours a day.

—These are a few evils we have shed with the years.

It is only fair to say that a great deal of the illness that to-day afflicts certain callings could be avoided by restraint on the part of the individual just as at Queen Victoria's accession it might have been saved by the intervention of a State health service.

Then the heaviest toll came from under-nutrition. Nowadays in many cases it is due to people going to the opposite extreme.

Farmers, for instance, are more prone than other people to diabetes, which comes from over-indulgence in good food, while barristers owe a high mortality in middle life to indigestion, the result of gobbling large and heavy meals during the short intervals for which the courts adjourn, or eating too much too quickly in the evenings before they start work on the papers they bring home with them.

Actors, commercial travellers (their mortality rate, 110, is slightly above the average) and barmen are particularly subject to those diseases of the liver which arise from excessive heavy drinking. Then, again, high mortality occurs at different times of life in different professions to-day.

Take, for instance, authors, editors and journalists. Their death rate, below thirty-five, is quite exceptionally low, but it suddenly shoots up between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five, when the strain of long, irregular hours and night work is beginning to make itself felt.

With barristers, on the other hand, the death rate (it is the highest rate of all from indigestion) is considerably over the average in youth and middle age, but very low in later life.

With solicitors mortality is less than average at all ages except between forty-five and fifty-five. That it is a curious fact that business men are more subject to disease of the heart and liver than professional men, while professional and artistic people are more highly strung and prone to suicide.

These are risks bound up with the nature of a type and even of an individual. But there are certain other directions in which the excellent work that has been done since Victoria became Queen can be greatly and usefully extended.

There are still many cases where the life of the working coalminer and the merchant seamen could be made less dangerous, as the lives of the painter and the lead worker have been made in the last years.

Painters, decorators and railway workers used to be exposed to quite exceptional risks. To-day the mortality among painters is about the average for all classes, while among railway workers it is very definitely below it.

Coalminers, on the other hand, still show a high rate of suffering from influenza, tuberculosis and, above all, accident. Cutlery grinders are still racked by influenza, bronchitis, cancer and pneumonia.

But it is, at any rate, comforting to reflect that in all dangerous occupations both on land and sea the death rate shows a consistent decrease, not only since the accession of Queen Victoria but even from the pre-war days, when conditions, if less favourable, were at any rate more settled.

So it does us good to look back to a time when half a million people died unnecessarily every year in a population a third of its present size, when hours were on the average twice as long and infant mortality was six times as high.

Children's Safety

Every adult in JOHN BULL'S great million and a half family should encourage the children to enter the *Daily Herald* Great Free Road Safety Handwriting Competition. Here is a simple means of impressing upon the minds of our children the vital necessity of "Road Safety."

All the children are asked to do is to copy in their best handwriting six simple road safety phrases. There are many splendid cash prizes offered, and in addition 10,000 valuable awards which must be won!

When Your DOG SCRATCHES —do what the EXPERTS Do

ALTHOUGH impurities in the blood stream cause a dog to scratch, a sluggish liver and kidneys, disordered stomach or faulty digestion are the reasons why those impurities are present. Dog experts treat for all these likely troubles when they have to cure a dog of scratching—and the remedy they use is Karswood Dog Powders, which contain (1) IRON for the Blood, (2) PHOSPHORUS for the Nerves and Muscles, (3) IODINE for the Glands, (4) TONIC SALTS for the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Kidneys, (5) SULPHUR for the skin, (6) CALCIUM for Bone Development. This SIX-FOLD action regulates every vital organ in a dog's system. Ordinary dog powders which contain only one active ingredient cannot do this. Hundreds of Breeders—including 31 out of every 100 exhibitors at Crufts Famous Dog Show—have testified to the marvellous efficacy of Karswood Dog Powders. So, whatever ails your dog, give him KARSWOOD Dog Powders—the Powders the experts use. From Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Chemists, Dog Shops—in packets, 9 powders 6d., and 21 powders 1s.

FULL-SIZE 6d PACKET FREE!

Test them at our expense. Write now for FREE full-size 6d Packet of 9 Powders. No obligation. Send NOW to Karswood, H. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd., 29, Adelphi, Salford, Manchester, 3.

GET RID OF UGLY FAT

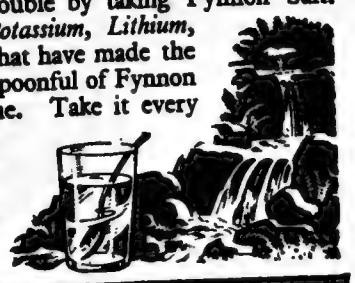
Unwanted fat is the enemy of charm. But thousands of women are finding that a daily inner rinse of Fynnon Salt soon eliminates fat-forming impurities from the system. This famous combination of natural salts—Nature's own remedy—tones you up wonderfully, moulds your figure to trim beauty and attractiveness.

END RHEUMATIC TWINGES

Like excess weight, Rheumatism is due to failure of liver and kidneys to remove poisons from the system. That's why Rheumatic aches and pains respond to the same daily glass of Fynnon Salt. Sharp-pointed Uric Acid crystals are dissolved, stiff joints freed, pains no longer worry you when stooping.

Spa Treatment at Home

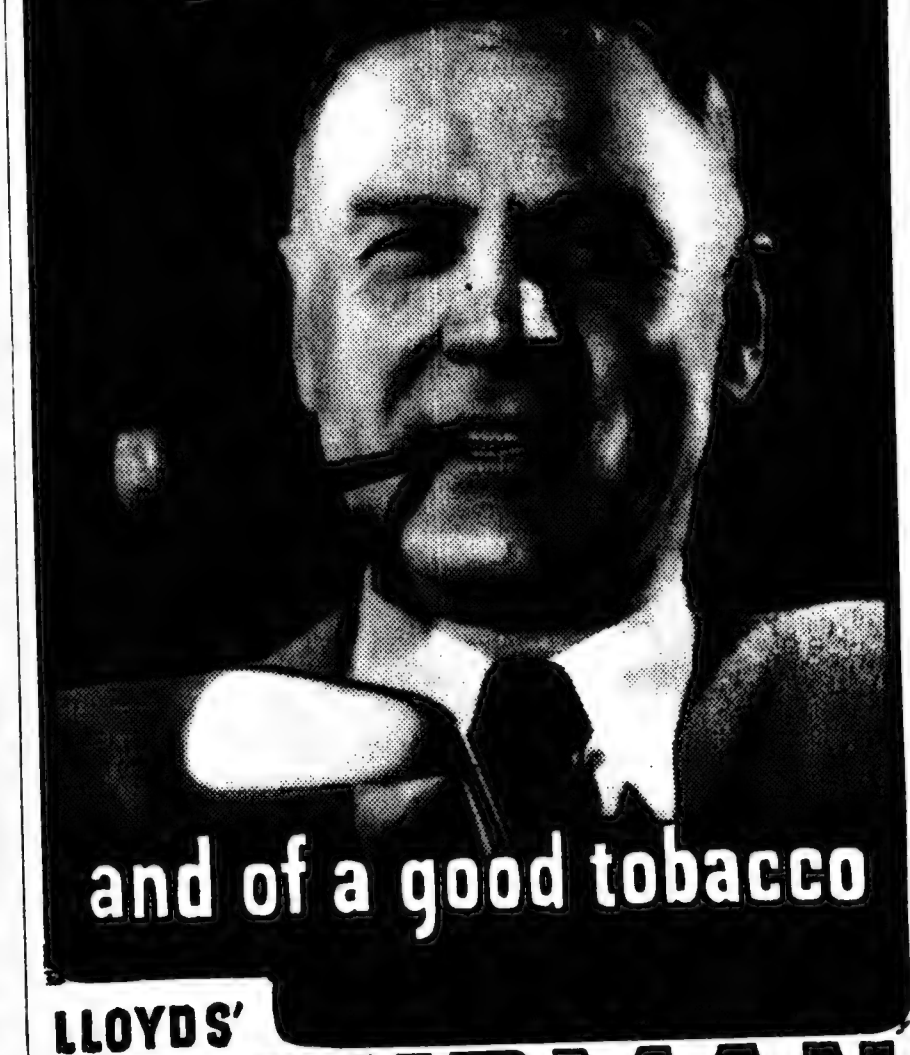
If *you* suffer the sharp agony of Rheumatism, or the embarrassment and misery of unwieldy fat, clear away the trouble by taking Fynnon Salt. This famous remedy contains *Sodium*, *Potassium*, *Lithium*, etc.—wonder working minerals of Nature that have made the reputation of famous Spas. Just add a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt to a glass of water in your own home. Take it every morning and see how these cleansing salts of the earth rinse away the poisons that cause Rheumatic twinges *and* the discomforts of excessive fat. 1/3 per large tin at all chemists.



FYNNON LTD., BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX

FYNNON SALT *for Fitness!*

COOLNESS
the secret of good golf . . .



and of a good tobacco

LLOYD'S' BONDMAN

is always COOL and FRESH

• BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½D per oz. EMPIRE BLEND 10D per oz.

IT'S PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

THIS FREE BOOK
and Illustrated Brochure
WILL SOLVE YOUR FURNISHING TROUBLES

A FREE copy of "You and Your Home," a wonderful Guide to Home Happiness, together with special illustrated brochure containing selection of furniture on easy terms from as low as 4/6 a month is waiting to be sent to You! Simply fill in and post the Coupon in the Drage announcement on p. 18.

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.*—*even bugs*

• For over half a century KEATINGS POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. *Kills Green Fly.* —But it must be KEATINGS

Cartels 2d., 6d., 1/. Powder Flasks 1/-

ASTHMA

If you want relief from spells of hard breathing, choking and wheezing that makes you gasp for breath, try Himrod's Cure. It has brought relief to sufferers for over sixty five years.

IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST
Insist on the genuine

HIMROD'S CURE

VARICOSE VEINS

Seamless and fully fashioned, approved by Medical Profession, **Dr. Scholl's Corrective Hosiery** is the ideal method of supporting the weakened walls of veins. Special weave gives full freedom to leg muscles; comfortable and cool. Restores slim grace to legs; prevents aches and tiredness. Invisible. All Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. Price from 15/- per pair.

D'Scholls CORRECTIVE HOSIERY

GRAVES NO. 1 CLUB MODEL

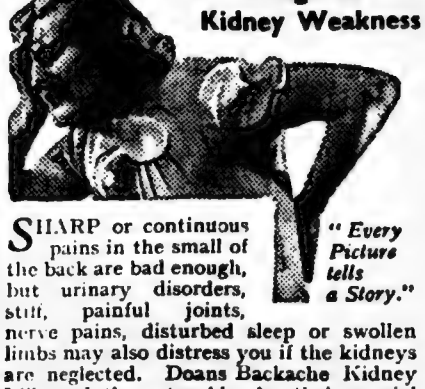
BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 19, 21, 23in. Racing Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain, Lauterwasser adjust. Handlebars, Dunlop Endrick Rims, Racing Pedals, Caliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Pattern Saddle, 'Hold-all' Bag, Reflector, Accessories. Ladies' or Men's same price £4.18.9 or 6/6 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. Catalogue Free. Full range of Models

64 NOW Supplied Maroon, Red, Blue or Black as desired.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

BACKACHE

a sign of Kidney Weakness



"Every Picture tells a Story."

SHARP or continuous pains in the small of the back are bad enough, but urinary disorders, stiff, painful joints, nerve pains, disturbed sleep or swollen limbs may also distress you if the kidneys are neglected. Doans Backache Kidney Pills end these troubles by their special action upon the kidney filters. They strengthen these delicate organs, so that the harmful poisons are properly filtered out of the blood. Rich, pure blood again nourishes the system, and health and vigour is regained.

A Wreck of my former Self

Mrs. A. Watson, "Haysville," London Road, Biggleswade, says:—"For seven weeks I could hardly move. Fearful pains in the back nearly doubled me up. My hands and ankles were swollen and I seemed to lose control of the bladder. There was gravel and a scalding pain in relief. I was a wreck of my former self.

"Doans Backache Kidney Pills were the making of me. Although my case seemed chronic I lost my backache and could work with ease. (Signed) A. Watson."

Get Rid of Kidney Troubles, Backache, Stiff Swollen Joints, Urinary Troubles, Disturbed Rest

Ask your Chemist for

1/3 3/- 5/-

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

HOW TO KEEP CHILDREN WELL

If a child's bowels are clogged and filled with hard, fermenting waste-matter, what can you expect but that the poison will work its way through the system? That's how most children's ailments originate—from uncleanliness in their little insides.

Give a constipated, cross and fidgety child a spoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' and in a few hours all the half-digested food, the clogged, fermenting matter in the bowels, will have moved away by a natural action.

This gentle internal cleansing and sweetening is just what is required. A spoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week will keep your children regular and clean inside and, moreover, will guard them against most children's ailments.

'California Syrup of Figs' is a safe, natural fruit laxative, recommended by doctors and nurses everywhere. Keep your child well by this simple, pleasant method.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all Chemists, 1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

SAVE A LOT

—roll your smokes in

AG PAPERS

JUST OUT

If you prefer paper as on high-grade packet cigarettes—ask for 'GREEN A.G'

HUMAN DOCUMENTS—BY PHILIP INMAN

STARTING AFRESH at 56

Now is the time for courage—the doctor makes known his grave news—gives advice that must be acted on

ONE strange thing about life is that, no matter how hard our lot may be, we can always find people who are worse off than ourselves. Here is one reader, a woman, in a dreadful quandary.

Ill-health has robbed her of many of life's joys for the last twenty years. Now her doctor tells her that her only chance is to leave her home in Lancashire and go to live in the South of England. But that advice is easier given than taken. My correspondent goes on:—

It would be foolish for my husband to give up his work at the age of fifty-six. He would never get another job. And yet his wages will not allow of paying for me to go away and for him to keep on the home here. I am told that I should live in a warmer climate for at least six months or there will be little hope of any recovery. I am turning to you for advice as I don't know what to do.

◆ Has her doctor's opinion been confirmed by a specialist? If not, I certainly advise her to consult one and she can do so by visiting the nearest general hospital. I am not doubting her doctor's diagnosis. But I do feel that in a serious matter of this kind two opinions are better than one. And it may be that the specialist would be able to make some other suggestion for her.

If, however, he agrees with her own medical man, then she is indeed in a difficult position. Accepting that advice means one of two things. Her husband must either give up his present employment and go with her, hoping that he may find other work in his new surroundings—and that, as this woman says, is not easy at fifty-six years of age. Or she must go alone and leave her husband and her home.

Here again difficulties arise. Who is to look after her husband, and in view of their financial position, where can she go?

The first thing is to find out exactly where her doctor advises her to live.

If it is on the south coast, it is almost certain that there is a convalescent home there. Should she be able to obtain admission to one, even for a few weeks, it would enable her to find out whether the place suits her.

If it does, she can make enquiries and it may be that there is someone in that town who would be willing to accommodate her partly for companionship's sake for a few shillings a week. Here I think a local clergyman or minister might be able to help her.

Then as she comes to know the place better she may even learn of some work for her husband. Or after a short time her health may recover sufficiently for her to go back to him.

◆ Reading every letter sent to me, I always try to place myself in the position of the writer. "What would you do if you were in my shoes?" asks my next correspondent. Here is his problem:

We have been happily married for eight years and have three fine children. After a spell of unemployment I obtained a permanent job in this town, but we do not like the place and I am not a bit happy at my work.

The people round about are very unsociable and seem to regard us as outsiders, and though my manager is one of the best, my fellow employees are very disagreeable and seem to place every obstacle they can in my way. I am very sensitive and find this treatment is undermining my health.

I am worried, too, as to what would happen if my wife or any of the children were taken ill, as we have no one to whom we can turn for a helping hand.

Life is always more difficult for people who are over-sensitive. And that is partly the cause of my correspondent's trouble. It is not easy, I know, but he must try to steel himself against imagining grievances which probably have no foundation in fact.

With a nature such as he possesses it is possible to regard an innocent act as a deliberate insult. Then, with regard to the formation of friendships, it so happens that when I was a young man I secured an appointment not far from where my correspondent is now employed.

At first I, too, found the local people "stand-offish," and for a little time life was far from pleasant. I mentioned this unfriendly attitude to one man, who replied, "We take a lot of knowing, but we are all right at heart."

After I had been there for some time I discovered that to be true. And to this day I have retained many a friendship that was formed in those early years. I hope that my correspondent will have the same experience.

◆ In the meantime, let me remind him that he is far better off than I was. I was all alone, whereas he is happily married, with three fine children. In the companionship of his home life and with those diversions which are within the reach of almost everybody—wireless, the cinema, etc.—he should find a great deal of pleasure. I believe, too, that in time he will attract to himself many worth-while friends.

I am often asked for advice on the wisdom of second marriages. Difficulties arise when there are young children to be considered. In my next case there are other complications:—

I have been a widower for six years (writes this man), and I have a family of three sons who are now seventeen, fifteen and ten years old. When my wife died, my mother-in-law came to look after the home, and I have continued to pay the same housekeeping money. She has remained with us ever since, and though she is now eighty years old, is remarkably fit and active.

But, naturally, I have little companionship from her or from my children. A year ago I met a widow who has two kiddies of her own, and we have learned to care a good deal for each other. We would like to get married, but both my mother-in-law and my family raise objections.

My mother-in-law says, "Why not stay as we are, for if you marry, it is only natural that she will look after her own children and yours can go to the wall." My children say, "Grandma has looked after us up to now, and we want to stay with her." I talked over the matter with the lady in question, and she replied, "If you think more of that old woman than you do of me, you had better carry on."

I cannot blame her for talking in this way, for every time she has come to see me my mother-in-law has made things very unpleasant. Now we have parted until I can make up my mind, and I should greatly value your advice.

I can understand the feelings of that mother-in-law. It is not pleasant to think that some other woman is going to take the place occupied by her daughter. I can understand, too, the attitude of those children. They are naturally influenced by the love they had for their mother and the gratitude they feel for their grandmother.

◆ On the other hand, my correspondent has his own life to live. It is six years since he lost his wife. During that time he must have had many periods of loneliness, for his mother-in-law can scarcely have been a companion to him.

Then there is the future to consider. She is now eighty years old, and in the ordinary course of things cannot expect to have many years of life before her. What is more, those sons are in time likely to marry.

Now a good deal, of course, depends upon the character and disposition of the lady in question. Is he satisfied that she would make him a good wife and mother to his children. If so, then he is entitled to the happiness and comfort that she can give him.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

14 Years of GASTRITIS

ended by a packet of 'Rennies'

'I wish to thank you for the wonderful good your Rennie tablets have done me. I had gastritis for 14 years, and have had one operation for same, but with no results. I have tried everything possible. I have not eaten supper for many years, but after one small packet of your pastilles I can now eat anything at any time, and both sleep and feel fine. Friends remark how well I look, thanks to your Rennie pastilles.'

W. F., Cumberworth, Nr. Huddersfield.

Digestif Rennie Pastilles go to the root cause of indigestion. They contain antacids which neutralise excess acid—the cause of nearly all digestive disorders. And in the marvellous Digestif Rennie Formula there are also absorbents to free you of stomach gas, and ferments which *actively help to digest food*. Digestif Rennie Pastilles are pleasant to take and they're handy; each one is individually wrapped in wax paper. Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own chemist. Trial size 6d., Family size 1s. 9d.

Slim

This Safe and Trouble Free Way

Wear this AMBRON REDUCING CORSET and you will be amazed and delighted with the improvement in your appearance. Hundreds of thousands of women are already enjoying the added zest to life given by the knowledge that they are looking their best in everything they wear. You can do the same by sending now for this wonderful new Reducing Corset which slims you gently but surely with every movement you make.

Price **10/11** Brassiere to Match 4/11 The Two Garments 14/11 *Postage 4d.*

TRY ONE IN YOUR OWN HOME

1/6 DEPOSIT *(Plus 4d. Postage)*

SECURES ON APPROVAL

Balance may be paid by monthly instalments of 2/6 if preferred **AT NO EXTRA COST.** Send now—there is no obligation to purchase. If not satisfied deposit refunded in full.

In Tea Rose washable lined rubber fabric having boned suppports and four suspenders. Sizes 34 to 46 ins. waist. Choose either a Closed Back (Model CB) or Laced Back (Model LB). Brassiere sizes 30 to 46 ins. bust.

COUPON

Please send me an
AMBRON REDUCING CORSET

MODEL CB (Closed back) MODEL LB (Laced back)

(Cross out the one not required.)

ALSO BRASSIERE TO MATCH. *(strike out if not wanted)*

I enclose crossed P.O. for 1/6 deposit and 4d. postage together with **Bust, Waist and Hips measurements** & name & address. *(Overseas full cash). J. Bull 26/6/37*

AMBROSE WILSON LTD

BRITAIN'S LARGEST CORSET HOUSE.

469 Ambron House, 68 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

Was THIN and RUNDOWN All Her Life

...YET SHE GAINED 20 LBS. NERVES and HEADACHES VANISHED ALMOST AT ONCE

Like Thousands of Others She Found the 12 Minerals + 6 Vitamins + Food Iodine in "VIKELP" Quickest Way Yet to Add Pounds, Build New Strength and Energy

Read her actual letter . . .

"It is with great pleasure that I write to you to tell you of the marvellous change in my health since I started taking 'VIKELP.'

"All my life I have been underweight and easily run-down, and after a very serious motor accident I found it impossible to regain my strength. For several years I was in a very bad state. I had advice from several Doctors both in England and the United States. I spent a large amount of money in medicine including Thyroid, but without result. I had almost decided that I should never feel well again when I read of 'VIKELP.' I got a tin thinking I would give it a trial and was amazed to find a change almost at once. I became less nervous, my headaches disappeared, and altogether I have become a totally different person. Where my bones used to stand out I have firm flesh, and after 3 tins of 'VIKELP' I have gained 20 lbs.

"I can never be too grateful to 'VIKELP,' and my only regret is that I did not know of it earlier, it would have saved me much misery. I recently met a friend I have not seen for three years and she was astonished at the change in me as she had never seen me so well or so happy for years."—C. P., Brussels.

99 times out of a 100 these dangerous run-down conditions are caused by lack of sufficient Minerals, Vitamins and Food Iodine in the system. "VIKELP" made from an amazing Pacific Ocean plant, not only contains all the 6 vitally important vitamins A, B1 B2, C, D and E, but is the world's richest source of all the 12 essential life-giving minerals (iron, copper, calcium, phosphorus, magnesium, sulphur, potassium, manganese, etc.) and Food Iodine. With these precious elements you quickly normalise your glands, build rich red blood, new energy, strength and add lbs. of firm flesh.

MAKE THIS TEST

Even if you are skinny, weak, rundown, nervous, can't sleep and if even the best foods fail to build up your weight, strength and energy, try "VIKELP" tablets, for 10 days. If you don't feel better, sleep better, eat better, have stronger nerves and add extra pounds of good solid flesh the first 10 days, the trial is *free.* Your own doctor will approve this way. "VIKELP" cost but little. Obtainable everywhere.

VIKELP

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HEALTH and BODY BUILDING TABLETS

SPECIAL FREE OFFER!

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on **How to Add Weight Quickly.** Build Strength, Energy, Strong Nerves and Rich Red Blood. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on human body. New facts about MINERALS, IODINE and VITAMINS. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. JB/6/4 10 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

Make **BLOND** *hair*

-even in **DARK** *shades-*

GLEAM with GOLD

New **"VITAMIN F"** *Sta-blond*

WASHES HAIR 2-4 SHADES LIGHTER

PREVENTS BRITTLENESS . . . STOPS DANDRUFF

No Dyes, No Injurious Bleaches

Girls, when your blond hair darkens to an indefinite brownish shade it dulls your whole personality. But you can now bring back the fascinating glints that are hidden in your hair and give you personality, radiance — beauty. NEW STA-BLOND acts two ways. *First*, it makes all light shades of hair (even brownish or mousy) 2 - 4 shades lighter and brings back to the dullest, most faded blond or fair hair the golden beauty of childhood. It prevents fair or blond hair from darkening. *Second*, the precious VITAMIN "F" especially incorporated, not only prevents and stops brittleness, dandruff and "falling-out" but rejuvenates the roots — makes the hair soft as silk, gives it new sheen and lustre. Your perm takes better, lasts longer. Results guaranteed. Contains no dyes or injurious bleaches.

STA-BLOND THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

My Poor Head

2d stops

HEADACHES NEURALGIA RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO SCIATICA AND ALL NERVE PAINS

But 2d. will make that *"dreary"* head a *"cheery"* head! Yes!—at the special record bargain price of TWOPENCE—you can actually BUY RELIEF from thumping Headaches, Piercing Neuralgia, Nagging Nerve Pains, Torturing Rheumatism or Back-breaking Lumbago. It sounds marvellous, but BEECHAMS POWDERS ARE marvellous. They put pain to flight in a few minutes and even a distressing Summer Cold, Chill or Feverish attack can be made to vanish by their wonderful quick-acting medicinal properties. Beechams Powders are a joy to take—so easy and pleasant tasting.

Beecham's Powders 2d. BACK

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

FEED Your HAIR

Never before have you used anything like Kotalko It frees the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and all poisonous and malodorous pore cloggings: softens the hardening scalp, and restores its healthful circulation. **Kotalko** Nourishes and Feeds the hair organism, reviving **new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots. Whether your hair is thin or falling out, or full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—they are wonderful.**

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

You have have everything to gain—nothing to lose—by writing for trial package of KOTALKO and Kotalko Scalp Soap.

If Bald, Going Bald, Losing Hair through Dandruff or general Weakness of the Hair Organism, then post or copy coupon below.

Feed Hair roots with KOTALKO, cleanse and Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD. 9, Percy St. (53 G.H.), London, W.1

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO & KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

Name.....

Address.....

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THE FINEST CLUB IN THE COUNTRY

NO WAITING FOR GOODS EVERY TURN FIRST TURN

ONLY 5 MEMBERS REQUIRED

ALL GOODS SENT ON FIRST PAYMENT OF 1/-

£2-16-0 COMMISSION CAN EASILY BE EARNED

AGENTS

SEND AT ONCE FOR PARTICULARS, AND THIS BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE CONTAINING 500 BARGAINS at 5/-

THIS SPLENDID PAIR OF FLANNEL TROUSERS IS ONE OF THE 500 CROWN CLUB BARGAINS OFFERED AT 5/-

Name.....

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J.B.53.....

The BRITISH TRADING STORES Ltd

67, MARLBOROUGH STREET, MANCHESTER, 1.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write today for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at money-saving prices. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

GWENDOLINE The newest two-piece style comprising plain Art. Silk Crepe Dress with fancy printed design Art. Silk Crepe Bolero. The frock has short sleeves, tastefully gathered front trimmed with self material rosette. The skirt has mitred point at the waist, and is finished with fancy tie-fastening belt. The bolero has box-pleated yoke back and the new American elbow length sleeves. Shades: Navy, Green, Brown, and Lido. Sizes: S.W. and W. Busts: 33 to 38in. Lengths: 46 to 50in. Price 27/11
Terms: 2/6 Monthly.

WRITE for PATTERNS

Send today for range of Patterns Post Free. Newest Models, Coats, Costumes, Underwear, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and particulars, will be sent per return post.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

3/6 Monthly

PILES!

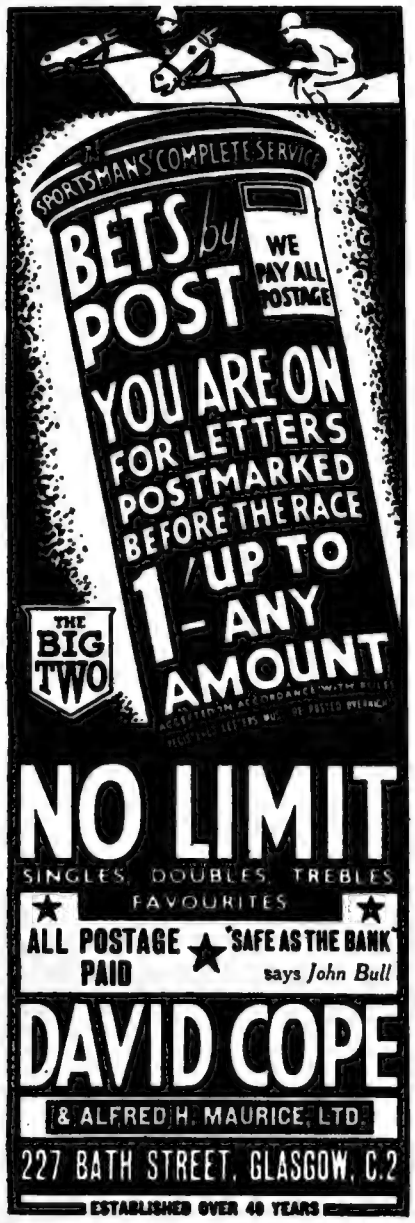
Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan! A specially prepared, soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal or external piles. In special applicator tubes (clean to use), from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with

MANZAN

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

For Bargains—see pages 2 & 3 and "Small Ads. worth Watching" on p.14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WE PAY ALL POSTAGE
YOU ARE ON FOR LETTERS POSTMARKED BEFORE THE RACE
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SINGLES, DOUBLES, TREBLES
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"SAFE AS THE BANK" says John Bull
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227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2
ESTABLISHED OVER 40 YEARS

FROM OUR READERS

Workers Who Must Yield to Blackmailing Foremen or Lose their Jobs

BLACKMAIL of an unusually vicious type is rampant in the mills and factories of Britain.

It is practised by foremen and overseers who become spare-time agents for insurance companies.

Workers under them are asked to take out policies, and if they do not consent adverse reports are made about them until they are dismissed.—J. M. DAWSON, Tennyson Road, Portswood, Southampton.

Several trade unions have this and similar kinds of intimidation under investigation.

VICTIMISATION

FOLLOWING twenty-three years' underground service at one colliery, I was certified as having contracted the dreaded miners' nystagmus.

But after five months I was declared to have no incapacity from the disease. So my compensation payments were stopped.

But neither my previous employers nor any other colliery owners will now give me work. I have to be in the wilderness for the rest of my life.—ISAAC CLARKE, Cambrian Avenue, Gilfach Goch, Tonyrefail, Glam.

Reason for this scandal is that coal owners send to each other a black list of workers containing the names of men who are even suspected of nystagmus.

BIGGER—AND BETTER

EVIDENCE is all against the statement that there is a falling-off in the physical proportions of the race.

I have been a shirtmaker for more than thirty years. The stock measurements (proportionate to age) which were in use when I entered the trade have all had to be scrapped.

To-day the average young man and boy is an inch and a half longer in arms and legs than his father was at the same age, and his chest measurement is nearly two inches more.—F. GRINDLEY, Mansfield Road, Sherwood, Notts.

Tailors find that it takes twelve inches more cloth to make a man's suit to-day than a generation ago.

Race with "Silver Ring"

ECLIPSE "BEST"

SOMETIMES the Eclipse States, Sandown Park's classic, is as valuable as the Derby. The event due to be run next month is worth £11,148, a few hundred pounds short of the recent big race at Epsom.

Lord Astor, who captured the Eclipse twelve months ago with Rhodes Scholar, can again be represented by the son of Pharos, Plaster Cast, Mr. Grundy and Sunbather. Rhodes Scholar won so easily at Ascot that he may again lift the prize.

His Grace, runner-up last year, has come on a lot, and has a chance; and I like Morland from the Beckhampton stable. At the moment, however, Rhodes Scholar is preferred.

At Sandown Park this week-end the best bets may be Pegasus in the Arthur Loraine Memorial Handicap, and Salopette in the Robert de Witville Stakes.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, June 24, to Wednesday, June 30.

Z Q C 93 B 94 M R 98 T F O A P U X
L H J I 95 E D W N 96 G S K V Y 97

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

KZMRUJQ would read ALDWYCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. PKZ293V would read VALLIP.

AGREED

BEFORE the railway companies are granted the powers which they are seeking to increase fares, it should be made a condition that every passenger who buys a ticket is provided with a seat.—C. BRETT, Hill Lane, Portchester, Hants.

If a tram or bus is overcrowded, both the conductor and the owners are liable to penalties but, for no known reason, railway companies and their servants cannot be charged with this offence.

POSTAL STRAYS

RECENTLY I was asked by a firm in Rotherham to submit personal particulars with a view to my appointment to a vacant post.

There was silence for two weeks. Then my letter was returned by the Post Office marked "Unknown."

It had been not to Rotherham, but to Rotterdam, Holland!

I enclose the envelope to show that my handwriting was not to blame.

And, most galling of all, I now learn from the Yorkshire firm that if my letter had been received the appointment would have been mine.—B. BURGESS, South Street, Carlisle.

Most common mistake in postal sorting departments appears to be confusion of Aberdare and Aberdeen.

SO SHOULD WE

I WAS astonished to read that during assize court proceedings, while reference was being made to the criminal history of a family, it was mentioned that one of them who was killed in the Great War had previously served a number of penal servitude sentences.

Why rake up the records of men who gave their lives for their country?—ALBERT GREVILLE, Glossop Road, Sheffield, 10.

After the war, France destroyed the police and prison records of its criminals who died on the battlefield.

MISCONCEPTION

THE schools medical examination and clinic services are being much overdone and money is being spent unnecessarily.

My two children are required to attend a clinic weekly for massage and are provided with expensive medicines.

Yet there is nothing more wrong with them than "growing pains."—MRS. HELEN MARSHALL, Holmesdale Road, South Norwood, S.E.25.

So-called growing pains in children are not a normal or natural condition. In most instances they are a local manifestation of rheumatism.

ANSWERED

AFTER long search of books of reference and enquiries in official sources, I am still unable to ascertain the number of aeroplanes which are in use in the world.—FREDERICK B. STONER, Crescent Road, Newport, Mon.

There are approximately 65,000 aeroplanes in service, more than 43,000 of which are military or naval machines.

SAFEGUARD NEEDED

THERE are 80,000 ex-Service men in Britain who have been out of work for a longer period than five years.

Earl Baldwin is leading a campaign to set up a publicly subscribed British Legion fund to provide these men with a pension of ten shillings per week after the age of fifty-five.

But there is no guarantee that the fund will not become an abuse of public generosity. Under the Means Test the pension would be deducted from the relief allowance to the men.—JAMES BROWN, Paisley Road, Renfrew.

Many readers criticise the scheme as a subsidy to the unemployment funds and suggest that it would be better to grant the pension at age sixty-five when, with old age pension, a man would receive 20s. weekly.

THEY SUFFER

AN intense pain that will end in a serious disease is at present being felt in the countryside.

It is caused by the process of cottage-snatching which has become rife in almost every county.

A business man retires or obtains the means to acquire a modest rural home. Or a wife wants a "dinky little house in the country—just to play with, you know."

Others want a place at which to spend the week-ends.

So the rural workers are steadily being ousted into the worst of hovels to make room for those who can so easily outbid them in the housing market.—R. B. LISTER, Totton, Hants.

Ministry of Agriculture has begun enquiry into the great number of cases of country workers who are losing their homes for this reason.

THE AGED

NINETY per cent. of the population of the workhouses is composed of old-age pensioners who are there because they could not exist on the small balance left to them from their allowance after paying house rent.

The cost of their maintenance in the institutions—including capital charges, staff and so on—is 28s. 6d. per week.

This is a fantastic arrangement. They could have their freedom and the saving to the ratepayers would be immense if local authorities provided them with small bungalows and allowed rebate of rent.—W. M. GRICE, Stephens Road, Tunbridge Wells.

Only 25,000 dwellings of this kind have been authorised in the whole country whereas the need is for 400,000.

Write to John Bull About It—

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SONGO

SONGO (Capsules) prevents Sea-sickness, Motor, Air or Rail Sickness; it NEVER Fails. 1/3 and 3/6. Chemists or Post Free Vandre Ltd., 189 Pitt St., Glasgow.

ends all travel sickness

THREE PENNIES never before bought a Toilet Roll the equal of CAPENSIS.
Every sheet specially crinkled for extra softness and

GUARANTEED 100% PURE

The Toilet Roll for the Thrifty Household

From most Grocers, Stores, Stationers, Hardware Merchants, Chemists, etc.

Made only by
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Hackney Wick London, E.9

IS YOUR LAVATORY ONLY HALF-CLEAN?

UNLESS your lavatory-pan is spotlessly white, cleaned round that hidden bend in the pipe, disinfected and deodorised, you can *never* feel quite happy about your house. That's why women who take pride in their homes are so thankful for Harpic.

Harpic is specially made for lavatories. It keeps your lavatory-pan spotless. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe — *cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach.* It disinfects. It deodorises.

Without any unpleasant work, without any use of dangerous acids or poisonous fluids, Harpic keeps your lavatory-pan completely clean. In NEW EASY-FLOW TINS — 6d., 1/- and 1/9d.

Cleans! Disinfects! Deodorises!

—FOR LAVATORIES

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

FREE to DOG LOVERS
Full Size Packet of Dog Powders.
Karswood Dog Powders will keep your dog fit and dispel sluggish liver and kidneys and other impurities. A full size 6d. packet containing 9 Karswood Dog Powders will be sent to readers who write to Karswood, E. Griffiths Hughes Ltd., 28, Adelphi, Salford, Manchester, 3. If you value your dog don't overlook this special offer.

THE TORTURE OF RHEUMATISM
"I find Urace brand tablets excellent not only in allaying the acute pains of neuritis and rheumatism, but in improving the general condition in chronic cases."—Miss ——, Eastbourne.
Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist. 1/3 and 3/-.

Bus Conductor's 8 Years' INDIGESTION Nerves & Sleeplessness ENDED AT LAST BY Dr. Cassells Tablets

From Our Own Health Investigator
Royston Greene.
Seven Kings, Thursday.

Attention has been riveted recently upon the amount of ill-health suffered by drivers and conductors of buses. Digestive troubles and nerves especially are stated to be common amongst these workers. But when I saw Mr. James Garvey, Bus Conductor, of Seven Kings, Essex, there was no trace of ill-health about him!

"My present good health" he told me **"is due entirely to Dr. Cassells Tablets! It is only by their aid that I am working to-day!"**

"Then you, also, have been a victim to the prevalent troubles?" I queried.

"Yes I have," he replied.

"What were your symptoms?" I asked.

"I suffered for eight years," began Mr. Garvey. **"I had chronic pains due to indigestion and during the whole of that time I never had a good night's rest. The agony was terrible. When I finished my spell of duty I was just about ready to collapse! My nerves were in an absolutely shocking state and often I could not even look at my food, let alone eat it!"**

"What did you do?" I interjected.

"Everything!" replied Conductor Garvey, **"I tried indigestion remedies without number but not one brought any lasting relief!**

"I was speaking to a friend about my trouble and he strongly advised me to take Dr. Cassells Tablets. 'If they don't do you any good' he said, 'I'll pay for them myself.' I decided at once to take a course."

"And did you ask your friend to pay for them?" I enquired.

"No fear!" he answered. **"As soon as I commenced to take Dr. Cassells Tablets my indigestion and nerve trouble vanished and never returned! I sleep soundly, can always eat a good meal with relish, and enjoy my life to the utmost! I advise everybody who suffers to give Dr. Cassells Tablets a trial."**

THOUSANDS BENEFIT!

Every day thousands of people are benefiting from the marvellous formula known to fame as Dr. Cassells Tablets. No suffering man or woman should deny themselves the glorious health which Dr. Cassells Tablets can so surely bring! If you are a victim of—

HEADACHES	**HYSTERIA**
INDIGESTION	**NEURITIS**
NEURALGIA	**SCIATICA**
INSOMNIA	**"NERVES"**
LUMBAGO	**DEPRESSION**

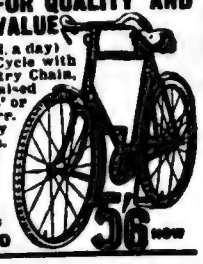
Get a bottle of Dr. Cassells Tablets NOW!
Sold Everywhere, 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS
BRAND
The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

An Interesting Booklet—FREE!
"HOW TO MAKE A SOUND JOB OF A SMALL ROOF" contains a hundred-and-one helpful hints. Post the special coupon in the PLUVEX ROOF FELT announcement on p. 28 for free copy.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/6 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £4:2:6 or 5/6 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £5:13:6 Terms: 6/11 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies Men's, Juveniles', & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models



J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

HAY FEVER CATARRH etc

Attack these ailments at their source—in nose and throat. Eases breathing immediately—banishes irritation—kills germs. Soothing. Antiseptic. Helps to prevent snoring. 1/6 per tube, from Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, and 4,000 other Chemists. In case of difficulty send price direct to — DR. SINGHA CO, LTD., CAERNARVON, G.B.

Dr SINGHA CATARRH JELLY

WIN A QUEEN MARY TRIP PENSION
20/- and FORTUNE IN JOHN BULL'S CROSSWORD
WEEKLY FOR LIFE
£150 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
Plus 'QUEEN MARY' TRIP to NEW YORK FOR TWO and £500 Cash
Winner and companion leave Southampton for New York by R.M.S. "Queen Mary" and return after two days' stay in luxurious New York Hotel. A complete, thrilling and health-giving holiday, all at "John Bull's" expense
SHOULD FIRST PRIZE BE SHARED INCREASED LUMP SUM OF £800 WILL TAKE PLACE OF THREE AWARD
Unlimited SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award—to be posted simultaneously with publication of winning Square in "John Bull."

PRESENTED on this page is the sixty-eighth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, B.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, July 15, 1937. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette" obtainable as instructed on page 39. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed, not delivered by hand, to reach us not later than Saturday, July 3.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 2s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misdirected, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 15. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, July 20, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards.

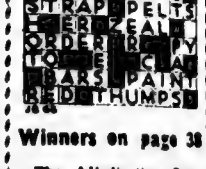
Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £800 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

X-WORD No. 65



Winners on page 38

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point SKY and SLY were regarded as apt words of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette." Secure your free weekly copy by using reservation coupon on page 39.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 68. Closing SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1937.

JB.68.

JB.68.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 68. Closing SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1937.

JB.68

JB.68.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 68, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

CLUES

ACROSS

1. Extra parts carried by motorist
5. On which stars occasionally give guidance
8. Unfasten
9. Bread is baked in
10. Things often look better after this
13. Welsh national emblem
15. One expects good manners from child at this
18. Flag is used for
20. In swamp and damp
22. Twelfth of a foot
24. Long wriggly fish
25. Coat of this can be improved by brushing
29. At beginning of anthem
30. Lorry will run more easily if this is level
31. You can hardly expect an old one to keep going regularly
32. Bad one in service should be changed
33. Spirit of rivalry may be obvious in this

DOWN

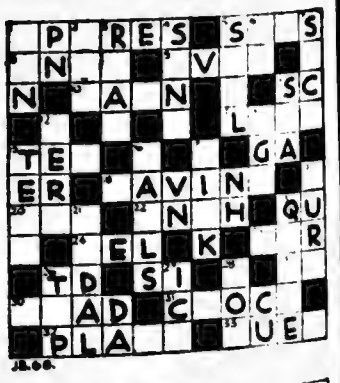
1. It provides our daylight
2. Total up
3. Horseman enjoys a gallop on a good one
4. Days of our youth may be brought back by
5. Ring helps to do this
6. At end of garden
7. Potatoes are sometimes seen in
11. Ocean
12. Many a useful one has been evolved by scientists
14. Chicken lays this
15. Sometimes hard to get through
16. It's pretty rough when these can't be controlled
17. Many shopkeepers will let any customer have this
19. To recover from bad one usually takes quite a time
21. Is worked by cyclist's foot
23. Tremble with fear
26. Highest place
27. One skates on this
28. Fishmonger often has this for regular customer

COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions, and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

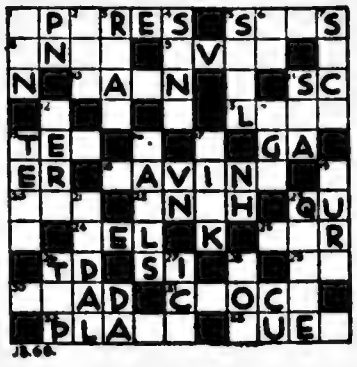
JB.68.



JB.68.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.



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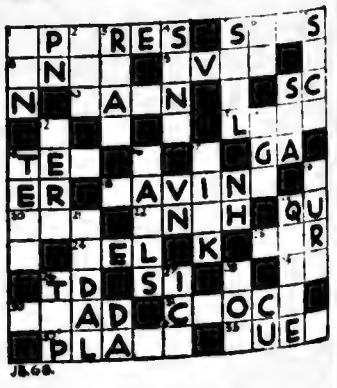


JB.68.

The Editor Laughs Last

SOLICITOR'S CLERK (Liverpool).—"I attended a rich client to make his will, but he seemed very disinterested as to who should benefit by possession of his estate when he was gone." Did he leave it to you?

MISS T. Y. (Harrow).—"Nothing thrills me so much as a dark tunnel." We don't know what you can see in it.

FRESH AIR (Fleet).—"Nobody wants to sleep in these lovely days." Except, of course, the county cricketer.

ACTOR (Manchester).—"I have not had a part for months, and am absolutely broke." You have only your past experiences to dwell on?

F. K. (Preston).—"The only man I know who is continually pretending he is too ill to work is a gate-builder." He's always swinging it, eh?

CAR DEALER (Notts).—"There are some men who never think to pay for their cars." They still keep owing when the rest have stopped!

F. F. (Shrewsbury).—"He tried to hypnotise me by getting me to watch a button on his coat which he kept twisting around." Did it come off?

W. A. (Hove).—"When he slipped, the man's dream of reaching the top of the mountain faded." Just tumbled down, so to speak!

MRS. K. C. (Newport).—"A friend of mine tells me that the greater the length of stockings the more wear they will stand." In other words, they last longer.

VISITOR (Leeds).—"What a lot you Britishers make of a little sunshine." Too true. We have to make a whole summer of it.

TIKER (Bude).—"I have noticed that the busiest country inns are generally at the top of a steep incline." A case of up and down ale?

YVONNE (Birmingham).—"I'm sure it is because of my good looks that my fiancé likes to take me to watch him play cricket." That's where you score.

L. M. (Wapping).—"You often find a person who is fond of boating also keen on swimming." One often leads to the other.

M. T. (Bournemouth).—"The fireworks commenced in a promising manner, but somehow failed at the end." They fizzled out?

CAMPER (Lulworth).—"There is a monthly argument as to who is to put out the light." In our Army days a boot solved the problem.

WRESTLER (Southampton).—"It never pays to under-rate one's opponent." But you always like to feel that he is beneath you.

ASSISTANT (Stourbridge).—"He told me to change the electric light bulbs before he returned from lunch." And you took the necessary steps to do so?

TASTER (Poplar).—"During my occupation as a wine taster I have consumed hundreds of gallons of wine." But still remained as sober as a judge.

ECONOMIST (Lincoln).—"Does it really matter where our wheat comes from so long as we get it?" It is a matter of great import.

FOIL (Hendon).—"Some people are making a lot of money by teaching fencing." We are not surprised. It is a flourishing business.

CAMPER (Hayes).—"The bull absolutely took no notice when we brandished our sticks, so what do you think we did?" Beat it.

MISS AGNES (Dumbarton).—"Singed, lumpy porridge and lukewarm coffee are a cure for something or other, but I have forgotten what it is." Coming down late for breakfast, probably.

R. B. (Rochdale).—"I am told that 500,000,000 of the double-size Coronation stamps were printed. This must be a record." And one that will take some licking, too.

T. J. M. (Ealing).—"There was a safe burglary in the centre of London the other night." With Scotland Yard so close at hand, we shouldn't have thought any burglary could be safe.

F. W. (Hull).—"The way my wife's people dump themselves on us late at night resembles a hold-up more than a friendly visit." They compel you to put 'em up?

Housewife (Hackney).—"One advantage that gas-cooking has over fire is that one doesn't get cinders." Don't you believe it!

"Archie, we've got the wrong caravan!"
—From "The Passing Show"

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

CROONER (Dalston).—"I sing purely for pleasure." Whose?

W. B. V. (Hackney).—"The stolen radio parts were traced." To a receiver?

W. B. (Edgware).—"On being introduced to me she snubbed me, but in six months we were married." Love at first slight.

R. J. (Windsor).—"My favourite hobby is rowing, but I also play the trombone." In, out. . . . In, out. . . .

TYPIST (London).—"There is a certain class of man who never willingly gives up his seat." You mean an M.P.

TYPIST (City).—"I found some tobacco had got mixed in with the tea when I drank it." So you had a smoking hot cup.

C. A. M. (Glasgow).—"A coalman here once won a golfing tournament." How on earth did he keep clear of the bunkers?

AUTHOR (Bloomsbury).—"I have been searching for a word for over three weeks." Could it be month?

H. K. (Littlehampton).—"We were debating the question of the new threepenny-piece . . ." A many-sided question.

VIOLINIST (Hanley).—"I only passed my last music exam. by the barest margin." You just scraped through.

X-WORD (Ware).—"For the life of me I could not think of a word implying prying." That is curious.

BUILDER (Midlands).—"He started base rumours about my houses." But, in fact, they had no foundation?

BERT (Woolwich).—"As a boy, I remember cutting a stick from a hedge for a revenge I had planned on my schoolmaster." You made a rod for your own back, as it were.

PATER (Waltham).—"Since we permitted our small son to use his savings to buy a cycle, he is constantly riding around the countryside by himself." He goes riding on his own?

GEORGE (Oxted).—"My dog's a terror for running away into bushes, and I invariably graze my shins when I give chase." So you keep a dog and bark yourself!

WEEK-END COTTAGER (Ely).—"Few things irritate me more than when a candle melts and runs on to my hands and clothes." We can quite understand that it makes you waxy.

G. B. (Cheam).—"Our pugilists talk too much." Chatter boxers.

F. N. (Taunton).—"The summer holidays are rapidly approaching." Happy stays are near again?

X. Y. Z. (Aldershot).—"I am known among my comrades as the Soldier Sleuth." A private detective?

S. B. C. (Clapham).—"The most hospitable man I have ever met is an all-in wrestler." Used to throwing big parties.

S. B. M. (Liverpool).—"Sweets are the very thing for preventing sea-sickness." They make it a bon-bon voyage.

TELEPHONIST (Caterham).—"My wife has given birth to triplets." Another wrong number!

T. P. (Hampshire).—"Strawberries will soon be seen on the tables of many families." But not for long.

C. K. (Bodmin).—"Southerly breezes bring the troublesome mosquito." There's a bite in the wind?

S. B. (Ventnor).—"He always has a glass of wine after dinner, and I think this has made him fat." Portly, as it were.

B. N. (Hitchin).—"A row of potatoes in my allotment was uprooted by lightning." Forked?

W. V. (Sydenham).—"Swinging a golf club puts new life into me." An iron tonic.

E. S. (Ely).—"My greatest ambition is to run a giant exchange mart." But who would want to exchange giants?

MRS. L. (Salisbury).—"My husband has a violent temper, and I have to take only one look at his face to know the danger signal." He turns red?

W. A. F. (Dover).—"I have never met a diver who is a snob." They are certainly not in a position to look down on other men.

R. L. (Rye).—"The Australian girl cricketers are said to play better under fine weather conditions." A wet wicket hampers their footwork and results in many a maiden over.

G. P. (Hampstead).—"My wife was annoyed when I drove the car almost into a ditch to allow a brewer's lorry to pass." She naturally objected to you giving way to drink.

ETIQUETTE (Perth).—"It is always polite to open a conversation with a young lady by asking her if she dances." Unless, of course, she happens to be dancing with you at the time.

H. J. B. (Sutton).—"Are you in favour of holidays with pay?" Certainly. You can win a Free Family Holiday Week and a big JOHN BULL cheque on page 39.

CRICKETER (Liverpool).—"Owing to a cut face I had to let my beard grow for a week, so you can imagine how I appeared on the field." From the pavilion, we suppose.

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"Because I refused to have my abundant locks shorn, by father cut me off with a shilling." He made sure you had a bob at least!

A. D. (Chester).—"When a party of hikers angrily disputed his right to refuse them refreshments, an innkeeper threw a pail of paraffin over them." He poured oil on troubled walkers.

P. J (Chicago).—"If gangsters threatened to shoot an English business magnate unless he told them his safe-combination, what would he have to say?" His safe-combination.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips."

HERTFORDSHIRE GAZETTE AND HEMEL HEMPSTEAD:—"Split the sponge cakes in half and line WITH BOTTOM of a GLASS DISH."

GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN: "When the cheque was RESENTED."

THE BOOTLE TIMES:—". . . her mother was gracefully gowned in black, a FATHER boa fluttering round her shoulders."

THE WEST WALES GUARDIAN:—"How do you know the speed at which you were approaching this car? By the THERMOMETER, sir."

THE SHIELDS GAZETTE:—". . . and last year made an extensive cruise round the west coast of Scotland in his SLEEP . . ."

CUMBERLAND & WESTMORLAND HERALD:—"For sale Turkey Cock, 3 Hens, Gander, 2 Geese, ALL LAYING."

NORTH EASTERN GAZETTE:—"Two hours' batting to lunch realised no more than 79 for three WEEKS."

A LUCKY DIP Soon Ended His CORNS

People are too patient with their feet. They hope that one day they will be free from corns, callouses and aching bunions, and in the meantime they suffer torment. Hope and patience never yet banished foot discomfort. But there's a remedy that will do it for you—Radox. It will be a lucky day for you, the day you dip your feet in a Radox footbath. You'll soon realise then that agonizing foot troubles can be wiped away. If you're wise you'll follow up that one lucky dip by dipping your feet *daily* in a Radox footbath. Soon you'll have happy feet, without an ache in them or a blemish on them. Don't hesitate—start now to give your feet this daily Radox treat. Here's a man who endured ten years of suffering before he found Radox:—

'Owing to corns and callouses I had to wear patent foot easers, and have tried special foot bath salts without any benefit to my corns and callouses. I have now used Radox Bath Salts and have dispensed with the foot easers and got rid of the corns and callouses after over 10 years of suffering.' J. E. B.

How Radox Removes Corns

Knives and burning acids only touch the top of a corn. They leave the root. To get at the root, you have to get through the pores. It is the oxygen released by Radox which penetrates the pores. And it is this oxygen which carries the softening salts of Radox straight to the root of the corn, so loosening it that after a few footbaths it comes right out with the assistance of your forefinger and thumb.

1/6 *for a Ten Ounce Pink Packet.*

Ask for Radox at your Chemist's. Price 1/6 per 10-ounce Pink Packet. 2/6 double quantity. Also in cubes 3 for 7½d.

FIRST TIN FREE

IT WILL ONLY COST YOU ½d. STAMP.

Birley's is so astoundingly good that we ask you to try it AT OUR EXPENSE. All you need do is to send coupon in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope. We send 9d. tin free and post paid (for Free Trial only and not for Sale). It contains more than enough to prove it is the WORLD'S BEST remedy for INDIGESTION and its kindred ailments. Tasteless and harmless. THE PROVED REMEDY FOR

INDIGESTION

ACID STOMACH FLATULENCE HEARTBURN
BILLIOUSNESS PALPITATION GASTRITIS

OF ALL CHEMISTS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/- TINS.
Birley's is Tasteless, Harmless and British throughout.

COUPON 77(1)

To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD., 16-18, Northdown St., King's Cross, London, N.1.

Please send FREE 9d. Tin of Birley's Antacid Powder.

NAME .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
ADDRESS .....

Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Excess nothing else or postage will be more. Please write clearly.

CAN *YOU* AFFORD TO LAUGH?

THE man who has learned to laugh is everyone's friend. But even the most optimistic of us cannot always laugh with worries nagging at our minds. Far the most dominant worry of all . . . the biggest stealer of laughter—is **FEAR.**

"JOHN BULL'S" WAY

This very moment you can rid your daily life of such bogeys as worry and fear. How? Simply use the Forms below for "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift . . . the unique weekly newspaper Free Insurance Gift that has already paid over HALF A MILLION POUNDS in Cash Benefits.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS

"John Bull" **is the only paper in the world** to safeguard its registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS. Among numerous other Benefits provided are those for accidents in the home, on the sports field, while boating and bathing, loss by burglary, and Children's Accidents.

£576 16s. 2d. PAID LAST WEEK

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed to registered readers or their dependants no less than £576 16s. 2d., as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£167	16	2
Accident Benefits—Adults ..	£131	0	0
Children's Accidents ..	£278	0	0

One registration covers husband, wife and children (over 6 and under 15) and **ALL** accident and Sickness Benefits are paid **in addition** to any amount a registered reader may receive elsewhere.

TO-DAY learn to laugh free from any haunting fears of to-morrow. Use the Forms below **NOW.**

"JOHN BULL"—THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 26/6/37.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "JOHN BULL." Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 26/6/37.

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema, and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world . . ."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be **dissolved on the tongue**, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the **most effective** treatment ever devised.

Send for FREE Sample.

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with **Free Sample** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Don't overlook the
"John Bull" Shop Window
on pages 2 and 3 and
The "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 14.

BACKACHE and KIDNEY TROUBLES

THE function of the kidneys is to filter off from the blood the fluid we know as urine. This fluid carries the nitrogenous waste of the system dissolved in it as a substance called urea and other impurities.

If the urinary system is not functioning properly complete elimination of these waste products does not take place, and backache, getting up at night, frequency, rheumatism, burning, smarting and loss of tone are the result.

Cystopurin (sis-toe-pew-rin) has been used for over twenty-five years for kidney troubles, and thousands of sufferers have obtained relief. If you have any of the symptoms mentioned above, you should regard your kidneys with suspicion, and at once get a bottle of Cystopurin (sis-toe-pew-rin) tablets. They are sold only by chemists, price 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

"I wish to inform you that I have tried Cystopurin for my kidney trouble and beg to say I have had great relief from it and feel ever so much better. "I am still taking it and shall be pleased to recommend it to anyone I know who is suffering from kidney trouble.
"You may make use of this letter if you wish to at any time."—J. W. B., MOORDOWN, BOURNEMOUTH.

Free booklet on application to Cystopurin Dept. J.B.11

GENATOSAN Ltd., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE

CYSTOPURIN

(sis-toe-pew-rin)

How this CHAUFFEUR made his FORTUNE

His Hints Will Help You

LIVING in the depths of the country, some five miles from Dorchester, Mr. L. H. Douch, Friarmayne, Broadmayne, Dorchester, has need of hobbies. His chief one is the making of *Bullets*, and he devotes each Thursday evening to it.

Maintained by small successes, his enthusiasm has never faltered for years. And now, thanks to a few minutes' careful thought, he has captured the First Prize in our 1,074th *Bullets* Competition.

When I met Mr. Douch, writes a JOHN BULL representative, I found him specially delighted by one particular aspect of his success.

"What a blow my win will be to the Doubting Thomases," he said. "Here I am, nearly a mile from the nearest village, and if I can secure a First Prize that should finish the talk about prizes only going to big towns!"

Discussing his simple but forceful winner, LEADS TO WAR—FEAR—AND "WHO'S AFRAID?" Mr. Douch recalled how he built up those few words which have brought him £1,000 and a £20 Holiday Surprise.

"Reading the *Example* I altered it, just for working purposes, to 'What Leads to War.' Then I thought of disarmament and the present state of Europe, so I arrived at 'Fear.' There I stuck until I remembered the old Dorset motto, 'Who's Afeerd?' and got my *Bullet*."

It is to a changed method of making *Bullets* which he recently adopted that Mr. Douch largely attributes his success.

"I used to keep records and a note-book," he explained. "But towards the end of last year I was having no success at all. At Christmas, therefore, I burnt all my records and started with a clean slate."

Now he allows the *Example* to suggest his ideas. These he polishes up with care, usually finding that his evening's work produces four finished *Bullets*.

Working as chauffeur and general handyman, Mr. Douch is happy enough in his job. But now, with a *Bullets* fortune in the bank, he can not only make the future more secure for himself and his wife, but a little car of his own is now possible.

* * *

"Always try to work on subjects which you know" is the special hint Mr. Douch hands on to other would-be winners. Turn to this week's *Example* now and his advice may bring you a First Prize Joy Wire on Friday, July 16.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1,075

First Prize, £750 plus Free Motoring as announced:
W. D. CRAIG, Ham Street, nr. Ashford, Kent.

Example: ON MONDAY MORNING
Bullet: "REGULAR STRUGGLE" STARTING AGAIN.

£100 PLUS FREE MOTORING:

E. A. JONES, Command Pay Office, Chester.

Example: Our Foreman Thinks
Bullet: "Beer, Mate?" Mere Bait.

£25 PLUS FREE MOTORING:

W. HARRISON, 10, Peter Street, Golborne, Warrington.

Example: Better Service
Bullet: Coal's, In Electricity's "Uniform."

OTHER PRIZES:

£15: J. FARR, 58, Wellesley Avenue, Belfast.
Better Service—"Servant Of All" Expects.

£10: E. W. MACKLEY, 325, South Frederick Street, South Shields.
On Monday Morning—Breakfast In *Bedlam*.

£9: Miss R. GILES, 146, All Souls' Avenue, Willesden, N.W.
Money's His God, So—Scared Of "Sacred To——"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£8: Mrs. D. HARRIS, 258, Bristol Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Made All The Difference—To Ex-convict, Undeserved Handshake.

£7: W. HARRISON, 27, Pontefract Lane, Leeds.
On Monday Morning—If Ever Englishmen Revolt!

£6: Mrs. D. BENNETT, 40, Relugas Road, Newington, Edinburgh.
Prevented A Strike—Wise Boss's "Why, Boys?"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£5: C. D. DAVIES, 11, Wyndham Street, Ton Pentre, Rhondda.
Fetters—Nudist Discarded, Rheumatism "Manacled"!

£4 10s.: W. H. WILSON, 17, Dee[illegible] A[illegible], Orrell Park, Liverpool.
Street Arab—Pinches Apple [illegible] W[illegible]
(Entered on "Target" Prize [illegible]

£4: L. A. MARLOW, 4, Glen[illegible] Gar[illegible], N. Wembley, Middlesex.
On Monday Morning—Back, [illegible] Back Breaking.

£3 10s.: W. WILSON, 22, How[illegible] Road, South Shields.
Chance For The Church W[illegible] Pass By Passive.
(Entered on "Target" Prize [illegible]

£3: H. CATHERALL, 37, Ann Str[illegible] Bed[illegible], Pitiless—Or Penniless—Business A[illegible]

6 OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mrs. A. J. CHAPMAN, 52, Julian Ro[illegible], Lin[illegible]
Satisfied Customer—Villager—*Heart* [illegible] Something Good."

Mrs. L. DAVENPORT, 20, Emb[illegible] Road, Wolstanton, Stoke-on-Trent.
Prevented A Strike—What A[illegible] Promised.

H. FARR, 27, Tomlinson Street, Bra[illegible], Manchester.
Can't Retire—Sandy—Season Ti[illegible] Expired!

S. HASSELL, 46, Well Street, Tun[illegible] Stoke-on-Trent.
She Closed Her Eyes And Chose M[illegible] Mother-in-law Thinks!

G. H. SAVAGE, 13, Linksfield Ro[illegible], Wes[illegible], Kent.
Granny Believes—In "Simple[illegible] Not Complexes.

Mrs. TURNER, 29, Cromer Road, I[illegible]
On Monday Morning—Liverish L[illegible] A R[illegible]

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

£3,350 CASH AND SUIT-CASES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 65

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 65, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square (see page 16) were the following five competitors:—

H. S. ARNOLD, 19, Manse Road, West Hackney, N.
Mrs. E. M. CHURCHILL, 61, Douglas Road, Dover.
Mrs. F. TEAKLE, 9, Brookside Cott., Woodchester, Stroud.
Mrs. J. THOMAS, 116, Heolgerrig, Nr. Merthyr Tydvil, Glam.
Mrs. E. Watson, 96, Falmouth Street, Newland, Hull.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of 3,000 Guineas and a cheque for £630 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize, must demand a scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, June 29, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

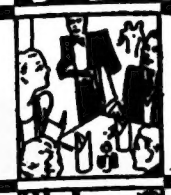
No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £200 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between the following eight competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less right Answer compared with the best Squares received. These entrants will each receive £25.

H. S. Couch, The Mount, Theroid Road, Southampton; H. V. Edwards, 7, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.; H. F. Grylls, Dane House, Farndon Road, Newark; A. W. Hoer, 187, Bury Old Road, Heaton Park, Manchester; J. Kalcee, [illegible] Street, Kilkenny; C. W. Millyard, 68, Colenhill Road, Ward End, Birmingham; J. Stapleton, 47, Strand Road, Sandymount, Dublin; Mrs. M. Thomas, 19, Selwyn Avenue, Hatfield.

A superb Pigskin Suit-case will be awarded with each Cash Prize and additional Bonus Awards will be received by eligible winners.

FAMILY HOLIDAYS AT 'JOHN BULL'S' EXPENSE!

At the BOOKING OFFICE
You take tickets for one or two adults and one or two children—you travel to any holiday resort in British Isles absolutely FREE!



At the HOTEL
Blackpool—Brighton—Torquay—Scarborough—wherever you may choose, you and your party will be provided with excellent hotel accommodation for one week absolutely FREE!

By the SEASIDE
Charabanc rides, boat trips, bathing, pierrot shows, cinemas—every entertainment you may need will be provided by "John Bull" absolutely FREE!

WIN Your BULLETS HOLIDAY THIS WEEK!

BE QUICK for Bullets 6,545 Prizes

This week only!

FINE 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

£300

CASH and FAMILY HOLIDAY AT 'JOHN BULL'S' EXPENSE

1,078

BIG 2-IN-1 2ND PRIZE £50 CASH AND FAMILY HOLIDAY

BIG 2-IN-1 3 PRIZE £25 CASH AND FAMILY HOLIDAY

42 OTHER HOLIDAY CHEQUES

£10 £9-10 £9 £8-10 £8 £7-10 £7 £6-10

£6 £5-10 £5 £4-10 £4 £3-10 3 OF £3 25 OF 25/-

500 PRIZES of 2/6 | 2,000 'DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS' | 4,000 'STAR TARGETS'

CLOSING POSTMARK SAT. JULY 3.

FINE HOLIDAY CHEQUES GALORE— AND ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN!

HERE is the first of another great series of fine one-week *Bullets* prize-lists, bringing within the reach of the chief winners a glorious Holiday at JOHN BULL'S expense. Enter the best effort of this seasonable offer and, besides receiving a substantial First Prize cheque, it will be your happy privilege to receive free railway tickets to any holiday resort in Great Britain you may select.

At the winner's chosen holiday resort JOHN BULL will not only pay for comfortable hotel accommodation, but will also provide the party with all the fun of the seaside absolutely free. Charabanc rides, boat trips, bathing, pierrot shows and kinemas—all these will combine in a splendid free week's celebration of a fine First Prize success.

Precisely the same Free Family Holiday Privilege will be added to the Second Prize in this Contest—and to the Third Prize. Moreover, there are further graded Holiday Cheques galore in this offer of 6,545 prizes which must be won.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

READ carefully through the *Examples* and add as rough notes all the thoughts any suggest to your mind.

You now have to shape this raw material into finished *Bullets*, each of which must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, that the *Example* TORN ASUNDER, has led you to scribble down *By Gossip, Many Married People*. From that rough note you could readily produce the typical *Bullet*, TORN ASUNDER—COUPLES—BY GOSSIP'S "COUPLINGS."

Before starting to make your *Bullets*, study carefully the good points of the winning efforts in our 1,075th Contest which appear on the opposite page.

Then tackle the *Examples* immediately, for you cannot be a winner in this fine one-week Holiday Offer unless your entry is postmarked on or before Saturday, **July 3.**

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,078)

IN BRITANNIA'S ARMS
WE'D BE HAPPY IF
NOW, MR. HORE-BELISHA
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO
HERO OF THE REGIMENT
WHEN THEY GOT THERE
POISONS THE AIR
UPSET HER MOTHER
TORN ASUNDER
NOT TO BE BEATEN
SADLY LACKING
WISE PILOT
WHAT THE CYCLIST SAID

KING DADDY	FAIR PLAY
MY GODDESS	"SAVED!"
TRESPASSING	SMOTHERED
ARTIFICIAL	STOKING UP
TO BLAME	OUR VISITORS
MOONSHINE	SIMPLER

SANDY GAMBLED AND
SHAKING HIS HEAD
THROUGH THE DESERT
TO ENJOY YOURSELF
BEFORE THE COLLAPSE
DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT
LOOPHOLE IN THE LAW
AUNTIE'S STOCKING
ON THEIR LAST LEGS
IF I'D A SHOP
JOB TO REFUSE

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

NEWSAGENTS PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,078 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,074 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Swyer, Osmington, Weymouth, Dorset.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed '& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,078) P.O. No. .....
Closing postmark SAT., July 3.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,078) P.O. No. .....
Closing postmark SAT., July 3.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,078) P.O. No. .....
Closing postmark SAT., July 3.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,078) P.O. No. .....
Closing postmark SAT., July 3.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed .....
Address .....

If you want to enter further "Bullets," you can write them on plain paper.

ADDRESS ENTRY: 'Bullets' No. 1,078, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

FREE TO OBTAIN SIX FREE ISSUES OF "BULLETS BULLETIN" (AND CROSSWORD GAZETTE) YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY.

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of *Bullets Bulletin* and JOHN BULL'S *Crossword Gazette*. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Supply can be arranged more speedily by posting coupon direct to BULLETIN DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

If you entered for "Bullets" World Cruise offer

SEND THIS **£100 HOLIDAY BONUS VOUCHER**

with your entry for "BULLETS" No. 1078.

I certify that I entered ..... "Bullets" for World Cruise Offer No. 1,077 of which I can give details when required.

I now enclose my "Bullets" for Offer No. 1,078—please register me as eligible for a share of the £100 Holiday Bonus if I win any prize of 2s. or over in Contest No. 1,078.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

N.B.—Voucher valid only if enclosed with entry for "Bullets" No. 1,078

CLOSING POSTMARK, SATURDAY, JULY 3.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

AND HAS A BEAUTIFUL PERFUME

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. One must not think of the cheap 3d. tablets of soap when thinking of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like the other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No Ordinary Soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health. Zee-Kol Pills, together with the use of Zee-Kol Soap, keep one perfectly slim and in perfect health. The skin will radiate health. The Zee-Kol Soap puts back the natural oils after washing. Zee-Kol pills are sold, price 1/3 and 3/- per box.

MADAME DU BARRY

Du Barry was the mistress of Louis XVth. She was noted for her beautiful complexion and vitality. She was only a seamstress when Count du Barry fell in love with her, and he afterwards got her to beguile Louis XVth, usurping the position of La Pompadour. Her glorious complexion—which bewitched the King—was made beautiful with similar materials to those which are used in Zee-Kol Soap to-day. Du Barry was guillotined during the French Revolution.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. 314), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, N.19.

NO SOAP—NO BRUSH SHAVEX

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the world. Beware of imitations.

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH AND USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING which takes a quarter of the time

WE GUARANTEE THAT ONE CAN HAVE A PERFECT SHAVE IN TWO MINUTES WITH SHAVEX.

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect Shave? Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles and keeps the face in a perfect condition. Fancy every day scrubbing one's face with very hot water and soap full of soda. One has only one's face for a lifetime and it should be treated kindly. Oils in SHAVEX, we repeat, will keep the face young and without wrinkles, and after shaving you will always feel as fresh as a daisy. The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard, and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave. If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up, and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave.

TRY A SHAVEX BLADE, THE KEENEST AND BEST BLADE ON THE MARKET. PRICE 2d. INSTEAD OF 4d.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in

6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from:—

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, N.19.

Good Lord! It's twenty to eight and I have to dress, shave and have my breakfast by eight o'clock, but what's the odds, having Shavex it only takes a minute or two to shave.

Hey! Presto! I've had a perfect shave in two minutes. I washed, and while my face was still moist I smeared Shavex over it, and with the use of a Shavex Super Blade I've had the finest shave that anyone could ever have. I feel as fresh as a daisy.

Now I've got ten minutes to have my breakfast and a nice walk and catch the 8.15 train. When I think of the old soap and brush method with my face all smarting and the time it took Shavex is indeed a godsend. Since I have used Shavex everybody tells me how well and young I look. It's the Shavex Cream containing Almond Oil which I rub in after I shave that preserves my skin and keeps the wrinkles away.

DOGE CREAM

THE MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe and has a beautiful perfume. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night wrinkles will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of them. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used. The original recipe was beyond price in the days when it was first known, but to-day we can make up all these preparations for the skin. We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

JOSEPHINE was a beautiful creole. She married Count Beauharnais, who was guillotined during the French Revolution, and Josephine only escaped by a miracle. Amongst the names of those to be guillotined, which came through to the Tribune, was one, Josephine, but a sympathiser, who was in control of some of the names, chewed up the signature of Josephine and thus saved her life. She married Napoleon Bonaparte while he was still poor, knowing that he would be able to do great things later. One thing she was noted for, and that was always making up face creams, and she certainly made wonderful compounds in this direction. The one cream she used was an exact facsimile of Doge Cream of to-day. She called it her Venetian Cream. She was not young when she married Napoleon, but her complexion gave her wonderful youth. Her vanity was great—She had great charm—Her admirers were many—Her lovers were never proved. She lived and died with only one thought of Napoleon.

In Tubes 6D and 9D

In Pots 1/- and 2/-

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from:—

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. Do6) 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19

SKIN DISEASES

Healed in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful Remedy but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol healed it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. Zee-Kol kills all germs that enter the skin—that is why it heals the moment it touches the skin. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol heals, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol healed them in a night—they vanished."

ZEE-KOL

(BRAND)

The Wonder Skin Healer

Obtainable from Chemists & Stores at

1/3 or a large tin 3/-

or direct from:—

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL Co., Ltd.
(Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

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